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THE ANALYSIS OF ART

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE ANALYSIS OF ART

BY

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TO

MARTHA VAUGHAN PARKER

PREFACE

THIS book contains, in somewhat expanded form, the material of lectures given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art during January, 1926. While not attempting in so brief a compass to present a complete survey of the field of æsthetics, it was my aim in the lectures, as it has been in the book, to offer a fresh study of some basic problems of the philosophy of art, and, in order to make this study concrete, to apply the results to an analysis of beauty in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, from which most of my illustrations are drawn.

Every investigation is a coöperative work, and precisely how much a writer owes to other workers in his field, he is never able to know; it is my hope, however, that I have made a not too inadequate acknowledgment to writers, past and contemporary, in the body of my text and in the footnotes to it. I wish, besides, to make special acknowledgment to the members of my seminar in æsthetics at the University of California during the year 1924-1925, when the plan of this book was conceived, and particularly to Mrs. Mabel Blodgett, Mrs. Roberta Holloway Patterson, Miss Sarah Unna, Mr. Jack Lyons, Mr. A. Torossian, and Mr. Willem Van Ryswyck; to my friends, Mr. Paul Slusser, who read the chapter on Design and Representation in the Plastic Arts, and Mr. Fiske Kimball, for advice and good offices in all sorts of ways. My thanks are also due to the staff of the

Museum, especially to the Secretary, Mr. Henry W. Kent, for his generous interest in the lectures, and to Miss Winifred E. Howe, Editor of Publications, for her most expert and ample assistance. Finally I offer thanks to my wife for much that is owing to her unfailing æsthetic tact when each chapter was read to her for criticism.

For the privilege of reproducing the works of art which illustrate the lectures, acknowledgment is due to the different photographers and publishers whose names are printed under the reproductions; and an especial debt of gratitude to Mr. Walter C. Arensberg, Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Mr. A. C. Goodyear, Mr. Earl Horter, and Mr. Josef Stransky for their generosity in permitting the Museum to include their paintings in the volume. To Mr. Joseph Brummer I wish to express my appreciation of his courteous and friendly aid in locating several pictures and in securing photographs of them and permission to reproduce, and to Miss Shio Sakanishi my thanks for her careful and helpful reading of the entire proof of the book.

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CHAPTER I

WHAT IS ART?

For those who delight in thinking, the most fascinating problems are the most elusive. There is an initial discouragement in approaching them and a continuing humility, yet stronger than either is the attraction of their mystery and the hardihood of trying again where so many have failed. That shall be my excuse, as it has been others', for attempting the *pons asinorum* of defining art. No definition of so living a thing as art can be wholly adequate; yet a good definition should at least seize the distinctive characteristics of art, and thus make the mind more vividly aware of art against the background of things that are not art. The hope of framing such a definition has been greatly increased in recent years through the new insight into the nature of art which has come to us from several sources.* Yet from none of these sources can

* The most important contributions, in my opinion, have been the following: First, the effort to understand art as a form of play, the originator of which was, of course, Schiller (*Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung,* 1793-1795), followed by Herbert Spencer (*Principles of Psychology,* 1855), Karl Groos (*Einleitung in die Ästhetik,* 1892, and *Der ästhetische Genuss,* 1902), and most brilliantly by Konrad Lange (*Das Wesen der Kunst,* 1901). Second, the *'Einfühlung'* theory, traceable as far back as Herder's *Critische Wälder,* 1769, and the German Romanticists; in our own day and for us most fruitfully represented by Theodor Lipps (*Grundlegung der Ästhetik,* 1903-1905), *Johannes Volkelt* (*System der Ästhetik,* 1905-1914), and Vernon Lee (best represented by *The Beautiful,* 1913). Third, the stimulating, tantalizing work of Benedetto Croce (*Estetica,* 1900), whose equation of art and intuition he himself acknowledges to be derived from Vico and to have had its analogue in the theory of Conrad Fiedler's *Der Ursprung der Künstlerischen Tätigkeit,* 1887. Fourth, the new emphasis on 'form' within contemporary art, voiced so clamantly by Clive Bell in his slogan 'significant

one get precisely what a satisfactory theory of art should provide, namely, insight into the differentia, the distinguishing characteristics of art. The chief reason for their failure is the mistaken faith that some single, simple formula can contain the essence of art, whereas art is a very complex, and also a very special sort of thing, that requires a correspondingly complex formula to do it justice. Most of the statements that men have made about art are true enough, but unfortunately they are also true of many other things, or else leave out of account aspects of art equally essential. The well-known formulæ that come to mind, the 'objectified pleasure' of Santayana*; 'intuition' of Croce and Fiedler; the 'expression of feeling' of Véron† and Tolstoy‡; 'significant form' of Clive Bell—these are, one and all, illuminating, but inadequate, either because they fit other things besides works of art or because they omit characteristics of art as important as those they emphasize. And yet one cannot reach the truth about art by merely piecing these and other descriptions together; for that would leave unrevealed the strikingly organic, unified nature of art. Only the sort of definition that would follow and unfold the living structure of art could be successful at all. For this reason, while gratefully making use of the ideas of others, I shall seek to describe art as good painters have always sought to paint nature, from the model rather than from mere information or academic canons and formulæ. We shall find that art has an inescapably threefold

form' (*Art*, 1914). Finally, the attempt by Freud and his numerous followers and anticipators to assimilate art to dream (see for a single reference out of a score, F. C. Prescott's *The Poetic Mind*, 1922).

* George Santayana, *The Sense of Beauty*, 1897.

† Eugène Véron, *L'Estétique*, 1883.

‡ L. Tolstoy, *What Is Art?* English translation, 1899.

complexity, as imagination, as language, and as design, but that nevertheless it has its own unity and uniqueness.

That art belongs to the sphere of the imagination has long been recognized. It is true that this recognition has not been so complete and general as it should be, owing to the classical theory of art as 'imitation'; yet whereas the classical theory has always found difficulty in squaring itself with such obviously fantastic forms of art as *Alice in Wonderland* or the Barberini Faun, there is no trouble in finding a place for imitation within imagination. For, despite its creativeness, the imagination derives its elements from nature, and by reproducing nature can include it. Only recently, however, has the full significance of the imaginative character of art come to light. The now demonstrated kinship between art, day-dreaming, dreaming at night, and mythology has opened new avenues of insight, and also, as we shall see, given rise to new problems and some false suggestions.

The most valuable result that has emerged is the proof that the imagination itself, including all its forms, not excepting art, is no independent, autonomous thing, functioning according to mechanical laws of similarity or contiguity,* but is, in a sense, secondary, being always under the control of what, without too much misunderstanding, we may still venture to call a 'wish.'† The imagination exists for a purpose, to provide satisfaction for moods and desires. That this is true of day-dreams is clear to every one; that it is also true of night-dreams has been rendered almost certain by Freud. There are two ways in which wishes may find satisfaction;

* Compare Ch. Baudouin, *Psychoanalysis and Æsthetics,* Introduction.

† For the definition of the term *wish,* see E. B. Holt's *The Freudian Wish,* 1917.

one of which may be called the real way, and the other, the dream way. The first is the practical method, to appropriate from the environment what is needed. Thus I satisfy hunger by procuring food, or ambition by inducing other people to provide me with the place and advantages that I desire. In the second mode of satisfaction of wishes, there is no acquisitive interaction with the environment; the wish is satisfied by something that occurs entirely within myself, within my own mind and body, in the realm of my fantasy. And, strangely, this mode of satisfaction of a wish is as genuine as the other; for the time being, at least, my wish is fulfilled, and I am content. Theoretically, to every real satisfaction, there corresponds a possible imaginary, or ideal, satisfaction. So, we are told, hungry and thirsty men, crossing the desert, find satisfaction in dreaming that they are feasting, and in an idle hour every ambitious man dreams that he has won his prize, and every lover that his mistress has favored him. Any wish, frustrated or postponed or only partially satisfied, may generate a dream, a fantasy, in which it finds a substitute satisfaction. Thus it is that we 'get even' with fate, and, however bound by the world, achieve freedom in our dreams. The importance of such satisfactions in the life of man is immense; for whenever he is not busy doing things or planning to do them, he is secretly dreaming that he has done them successfully.

The typical characteristics of dream experiences are now pretty well known. One of the most fundamental of these we may call, after Vaihinger,* the 'as if' attitude, the analogue of the 'conscious self-deception' (*bewusste Selbst-Täuschung*) of Gross and Lange. Things seen in a dream, be it a

* H. Vaihinger, *Die Philosophie des Als-Ob.*

day-dream or a dream at night, are to us 'as if' they were real; for the time being, at least, we do not treat them as imaginary, but as actual. And the interest that we take in them depends upon the fact that we do accept them as real. They must seem to us to be real or our wish would not be able to fulfil itself in them. Nevertheless, the acceptance of objects and occurrences in a dream as real is seldom entire; there is always, in the fringe of consciousness, an awareness that, after all, they are unreal. One part of ourselves believes in them, but another part refuses its assent; and it is this unique combination of belief and unbelief which creates the 'as if' attitude, the attitude of make-believe. There is a dissociation of certain elements of the mind, which form a little island of belief, from the wider sea of consciousness which maintains the point of view of ordinary life and condemns the dream as unreal. These two diverse points of view toward the same thing coexist in the same mind; so that it is almost true to say that we at once believe and do not believe. Sometimes one and sometimes another of the two attitudes will dominate; in dreams at night there is partial, if not complete, submergence of the doubter; complete submergence occurs only in the delusions of the insane, when dream passes into reality; in the day-dream the doubter is still active, but overruled for the time being by the dreamful believer; in art and in play there is equipoise, and we dream on, knowing full well and luminously that we are dreaming.

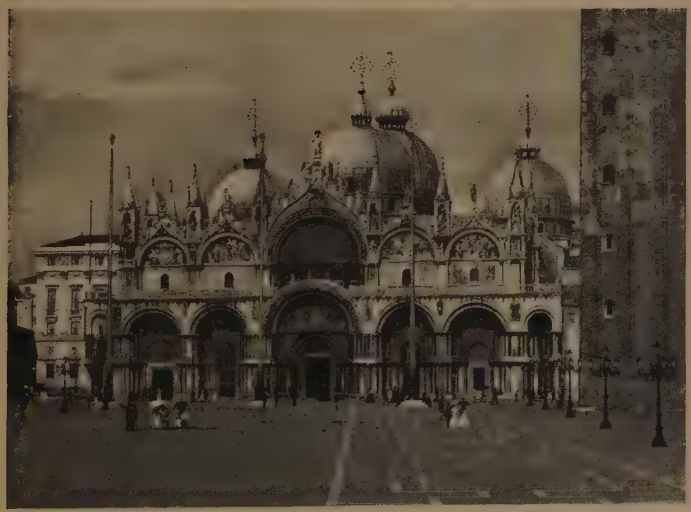
In accordance with the foregoing, it should be possible to show that works of art, as products of the imagination, are at once characterized by the 'as if' attitude and are satisfactions of wishes. That the 'as if' attitude dominates the æsthetic ap-

preciation of the normal types of painting and sculpture is evident. But even when we look at the Cézanne landscape reproduced (fig. 1), it is for us as if there were hills and trees and skies before us; great as the schematization is, they are to us as if they were real, and they evoke in us some, at least, of the interests and feelings called forth by real things. There is, as we shall see, absolutely no test of good drawing or painting except the capacity of the artist to make us believe; his work may be realistic or highly stylized, either method is good as art, so long as it creates an image in which we believe. Or when, for example, we look at MacMonnies' Bacchante (fig. 4), it is as if the divinely frenzied girl and her child were alive in our presence and we were witnesses of their ecstasy in the festival of the god. To induce us to make believe this is the triumph of the artist. But equally, when we look at Brancusi's Miss Pogany (fig. 3), for all the geometrization of the head, we get a feeling of reality. So, likewise, we demand of every novel and play, every dramatic and narrative poem, that it create the semblance of reality.

That such arts as painting, sculpture, literature, and the drama belong to the realm of the imagination seems clear enough, but music, the dance, and architecture do not so obviously belong there. The character of make-believe, of the 'as if' attitude, may seem to be absent. For is not music real sound, and the dance real motion, and a building real marble? And yet, so far as these things are beautiful, that is not the whole truth about them. Let us consider the dance first. We must distinguish from the outset the æsthetic experience of the dancer from that of one who is watching the dance. Now the latter is clearly an imaginative experience; for when I watch a dance, I enjoy it fully only when it is as if I, too,

Fig. 1. The Poorhouse on the Hill, by Paul Cézanne

The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 2. Saint Mark's, Venice

were dancing; when, in the imagination, I move with the motions of the dancer, experiencing vicariously her ease and her joy. The dancer's experience is, of course, different. She really moves, no make-believe that. Yet, even so, her experience possesses the essential character of imagination. For it is a satisfaction of impulses through occurrences within her own mind and body. For the moment it is as if she were having her way, only not through some purposive adjustment to her environment, but through action within her own self. To be sure, that action is not confined to her mind, as it is with me who watch her, but overflows into the body; but who has ever set the limits of the mind or the body? And even in my case when I watch her, something more than the mind is really involved, for imagination tends to translate itself into action, and there are impulses to movement, inhibited for obvious reasons, all through my muscles. In this enlarged sense of imagination, therefore, which nevertheless retains its fundamental meaning as a satisfaction of desire from within the system of the mind and body, dancing belongs with the other arts to imagination.

The case is similar with music. And, in parallel fashion, let us distinguish between music which we ourselves make and music which we merely listen to. And let us, furthermore, confine our attention entirely to absolute music, where no definite ideas or images are summoned to mind. I exclude programme music, because it is obviously imaginative; one cannot listen to the Golliwogs' Cake Walk, for example, without having the experience as if the Golliwogs were dancing. Suppose, then, I just hum a tune, say the motif from the first movement of Beethoven's Second Symphony. Well, why do I hum it? Perhaps my neighbor does not under-

stand, but I do: I hum the tune because it pleases me; because some wish, some emotion of mine, is satisfied thus—an emotion which I feel none the less strongly because I am unable to tell what it is about or just what it means. At all events, in this little world of sound that I am making, it is as if I were having my way perfectly, and that is enough reason for humming: I so seldom have my way in real life! Thus, as in dancing, I am securing the satisfaction of my wish, not through some practical relation to the environment, but by way of an occurrence that is entirely within my own mind and body, and, for the time being at least, it is for me as if the satisfaction were real; and that, let me say once more, is the essence of imagination. The fact that my wishes may be objectless, that I do not attach them to some fancied situation or happening, is irrelevant. But suppose now, instead of humming the tune, I listen to some one play it. Then, first of all, I apprehend what Hanslick* called an arabesque, a pattern of sound. But my experience is richer than that. For on hearing the sound, various wishes, moods, emotions, are awakened in me, the same, in fact, that I felt when I, myself, hummed the tune, and these emotions and wishes find expression and fulfilment, as before, in the sounds. Thus there is no important difference in what happens within me whether I make or only listen to the music. Music is beautiful as a voice that I hear storming, sobbing, making merry, lamenting, rejoicing, as the case may be, and it is as if that voice were my own. Hence music, too, belongs to the world of the imagination, in the larger and truer sense.

The demonstration of the imaginative quality of beautiful architecture is not so simple, and in place of the scientific

* Edward Hanslick, *Vom Musikalisch-Schönen*, 1854.

analysis that should be given—and will be given in chapter V—I beg leave to report a personal experience, which is, I believe, universal. Whenever I am in the presence of a beautiful building, and especially when I am inside it, I seem not to be in the neighborhood of a mere thing. I am not alone, as I am alone when surrounded by buildings unbeautiful or indifferent, as when at night I walk down the undistinguished streets of a large city; on the contrary, I am richly companioned; I feel all about me a life variously and magnificently eloquent; uttering a meaning which, to be sure, I cannot put into words—any more than I can translate music into words—but which I seem to understand; a meaning that comes to me, not by the avenues of sound, but by that of sight, and through subtle arousals of imaginative touch and movement. Every beautiful building is not only fit to house, but itself possesses or is a personality; a personality as distinct, as unique, as the faces of friends. Amiens (fig. 61), Rheims, Ulm, St. Mark's (fig. 2); piles of stone, yes, of course; but how much more; and that more is, so tells my sober reason, mere make-believe, pure fancy; yet essential to beauty. A beautiful building makes us dream, becomes itself a dream. And what I have said of beautiful architecture applies, if in lower key, to beautiful specimens of the potter's art, to color paintings, to oriental carpets; if they have for us the quality of beauty, they are not dead things, but things possessed of an imagined life. When you look at an oriental carpet it may seem to you at first no more than a mere pattern of colors and lines, but as you linger over it, you observe a change. The lines begin to run or shoot like arrows, the colors tingle; everything seems to move, or if not moving, rests—not really, of course, but in the mind, in the imagination.

If art be a mode of the imaginative satisfaction of wishes, much that is otherwise inexplicable in its character becomes clear. The easiest view to take of a work of art is that it is either the expression of the life which the artist himself has led, or of the larger life and thought around him—"the moral temperature of the age." To reapply Swift's well-known distinction,* there are the bee artists and the spider artists; on the one hand, those who hold the mirror up to nature and seem to make of themselves mere eyes to view what is reflected there, such men as Titian or Balzac; and on the other hand, artists like Corot or Strindberg, whose works were, in the words which Goethe applied to his own art, "fragments of one great confession." Of Strindberg, we know how he turned all of his life into literature, exploiting to this end even the most intimate details of private life. And yet, although one may recognize the apparent existence of these two distinct classes of art, it is impossible not to seek to reduce the bee type to the spider type. For some principle of selection must be active in the bee artist's mind causing him to pick and choose what he does from the infinite variety of things about him, or at least impelling him to suppress himself and take whatever chance offers. Of Titian, Rodin said: "With regard to all the princes of Titian, one remarks the proud energy which without any doubt animated the man himself. His opulent nude women are fit for adoration like divinities sure of their dominion. His landscapes, decorated by majestic trees and empurpled with triumphant sunsets, are no less haughty than his personages. Over his whole creation he has placed in control aristocratic pride: that was the

* A distinction which corresponds to Schiller's 'naïve' and 'sentimental,' and to Jung's 'extravert' and 'introvert' (in the *Psychology of the Unconscious*).

constant thought of his genius."* Thus, even in the work of so impersonal an artist as this (fig. 6), we may detect the unconscious play of the impulse to self-expression. It is contrary to all that we have a right antecedently to assume about any man, and especially any artist, to suppose that, without motive, he will make of himself a passive echo of the multitudinous voices of the world. And thus we are led to believe that, in its deepest springs and origins, all art, even that which is superficially most impersonal, is an expression of the personality and life of the artist—but the essence of personality is wish. As Rodin once more has said: "In representing the universe as he imagines it, the artist formulates his own dreams. It is his own soul that he celebrates."†

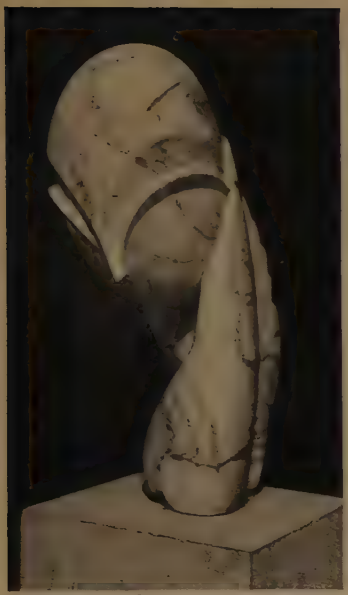
Yet how difficult it sometimes is to relate a work of art to the life and personality of the artist. What a contrast they often seem to be! How relate, for example, the simple and bourgeois life of Mozart to his Don Juan or the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau (fig. 5) to his own mean existence? But it is just such disparities as these that the theory of art as the imaginative expression of wishes serves to explain. For, as we know, a wish seeks satisfaction in the imagination when it is either delayed or frustrated or only partially satisfied in its active or real expression; failing or being put off in the outer world, where man is under the control of alien circumstances, it creates its own instant fulfilment in the mind. Of Don Juan, Rolland wrote:‡ "It is indeed surprising that Mozart was so well able to depict the character of a sceptical and aristocratic libertine. But if one studies Don Juan a little more

* Translated from *L'Art*, p. 220.
† Translated from *L'Art*, p. 226.
‡ Romain Rolland, *Musicians of Former Days*, p. 361.

closely, one sees in his brilliance, his selfishness, his teasing spirit, his pride, his sensuality and his anger, the very traits that may be found in Mozart himself, in the very depths of his soul, where his genius felt the possibilities of the good and the evil of the whole world. . . . Thus, strange paradox, Mozart's inner self was a potential Don Juan, and in his art he was able to realize in its entirety, by a different combination of the same elements, the kind of character that was farthest from his own." And of Wagner's Tristan, Rolland declared:* "People try to find in Tristan some trace of a love-story of Wagner's own; but he himself says, 'as in all my life I have never tasted the happiness of love I will raise a monument to a beautiful dream of it, I have the idea of Tristan and Isolde in my head.'" And so, as Muther† divined, when the lame and homely little Belgian painted the gay ladies and their gallants of the French court, his art was not a transcript of his own life; neither was it a mere will-less mirroring of the life about him; it was a symbol of his own longings, "*fata morgana* pictures, his own dreams of beauty and of love." Or I am thinking of a little picture by Van Gogh, the artist's room at Arles. The real room was a very poor one, untidy, unclean, but of course the sun of southern France shone through its windows. And the picture is flooded with sunlight; and everything in the room, even the towels on the walls, are golden. The picture and the room were alike, only one was reality, the other a dream. This was Van Gogh's customary procedure, as he himself tells us: to make

* See the entire passage in *Musicians of Today*, p. 71.

† Richard Muther, *History of Painting from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century*, p. 683.



Photograph by Carl Klein

Fig. 3. Miss Pogany, by Constantin Brancusi

Collection of Earl Horter

Fig. 4. Bacchante, by Frederick W. MacMonnies

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 5. The Embarkation for Cytherea, by Antoine Watteau

Louvre

reality the starting point for a dream of what he would have it be.

There is, however, one very practical objection to the interpretation of works of art as the incorporation of wishes, and that is the difficulty of discovering what the wishes are, in a great many cases. This is an important difference between art and dream, in the usual sense. For compare a work of art with a day-dream. How obvious is the wish in the ordinary day-dream! Day-dreams are invariably the manifest expression of the ambitious or amorous wishes of the dreamer. Oneself is always the hero. When told to another, there is no difficulty in interpreting them. I remember a day-dream told to me by a friend when, as a very young man, he was deciding upon an academic career: he saw himself as a white-haired man walking among ancient college halls. It haunted him for days. The interpretation in terms of wish is obvious. But a work of art does not always yield its secret so readily. Sometimes, to be sure, the wish is equally patent, when, as in Verlaine's *Un Rêve familier,* the wish itself is uttered; or as in a *fête galante* of Watteau. But in other cases one does not know how to connect the work of art with the wish-life of the artist, still less is one aware when one contemplates it what wishes of one's own become incorporated there. For if we are to understand the value which the work has for us spectators as well as for the artist we must find it an expression of our own wishes, too. Michelangelo's Dawn (fig. 7), *Samson Agonistes,** *Little Eyolf,*† do not tell us immediately what desires of the masters sought fulfilment there. In this regard

* See James H. Hanford's interpretation in *University of Michigan Publications, Language and Literature,* vol. I, 1925.

† See the interpretation in H. J. Weigand's *The Modern Ibsen,* chap. X.

the work of art is more like the night-dream than the day-dream. In the night-dream, too, if we accept the hypothesis of Freud,* the wish usually covers itself with a disguise, so that we are forced to distinguish between the 'manifest content' and the 'latent thoughts' which provide the real interpretation of the dream. These latent thoughts, it is supposed, are usually so deeply buried in the subconscious that one cannot even interpret one's own dreams. It often requires the expert service of a psychoanalyst to make the meaning clear. Now it is claimed that the mystery of the work of art can be explained in parallel fashion. Just as in dreaming we are not aware of the subconscious wishes expressed there, so, it is thought, in artistic creation the artist is embodying fancies the meaning of which is unknown even to himself. The fact that the wishes are there explains, however, the artist's impulse to expression and the pleasure that he takes in his work. It explains, perhaps, the absolute value which art possesses for the artist, as uttered in the well-known words of Keats: "I find that I cannot do without poetry, without eternal poetry; half the day will not do—the whole of it." The artist is driven on to creation, in the face of every sacrifice, with the same necessity that the dreamer is under when he dreams. An æsthetical idea, according to Kant,† is a meaning which cannot be construed; and the reason why it cannot, according to the Freudians, is the penumbra of unconscious wish fulfilling itself in the idea. Only the art critic, through profound research into the life and personality of the artist, can interpret it. He stands to the work of art as the psychoanalyst stands to the dream.

* Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, and *Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, p. 96.

† *The Kritik of Judgment*, Bernard's translation, p. 197.

Fig. 6. Filippo Archinto, Bishop of Milan
by Titian
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 7. Dawn, by Michelangelo
Medici Chapel, San Lorenzo, Florence

However, a work of creative art may have several layers of meaning, some of which cannot be reduced to the subconscious. The deepest stratum is undoubtedly composed of wishes and emotions, of which the artist himself is hardly aware, whose source or object he has forgotten, going back often to his childhood or other remote epoch of his life, and cropping out in associations and symbolisms, vague and unaccountable. These provide that aura of mystery necessary to the profoundest beauty in art. The significance of music seems to derive almost wholly from this source; and all works of art are akin to music in this way. But no less important are the particular problems and conflicts, well known to the artist himself, and not difficult for the biographer to recover, which provide the immediate occasion of the work. These constitute a second layer of meaning in a work of art. Sometimes, as in Watteau's pictures, they are freely and obviously expressed, but on other occasions they are expressed indirectly by dramatization through some story or legend or historical material. These dramatizations make a third and most evident layer of meaning which a work of art may contain. Thus the story of Giorgione's The Tempest* (fig. 10) is an example of this third layer of meaning; while the mood or strain in the artist's life, of which it was the symbol, would be an example of the second. It is a mistake, however, from the point of view of artistic creation as well as of appreciation, to regard this third stratum of significance as a mere symbol of the first and second, and without value on its own account. For the artist and the spectator have the ability, through the sympathetic imagination—or if a more up-to-

*On the interpretation of The Tempest, see Lionello Venturi, *Giorgione e il Giorgionismo*, 1913, pp. 82, 331.

date terminology is preferred, through the process of identification—to feel themselves into lives and situations which are not their own, to become interested in them for their own sake, and to let their imaginations be governed by them. Thus Flaubert, referring to the composition of Madame Bovary, writes as follows in his *Correspondence:** "It is a joy to write, to be oneself no longer, but to circulate through the whole of one's creation. Today, for instance, man and woman together, lover and mistress at once, I rode through the forest on an autumn afternoon; and I was the horses, the leaves, the wind, the words that were said, and the red sun which half-closed eyes already bathed in love." And of his power of identification Balzac wrote even more strongly perhaps as follows: "On hearing the people of the street, I was able to wed myself to their life; I felt their rags on my back; I walked with my feet in their torn shoes; their desires, their needs, everything passed in my soul, and my soul passed into theirs—it was the dream of a man awake." Naturally, this identification has its roots in the temperament of the artist, but once it occurs, the self of the artist is expanded into something larger than his own personal problems—as large perhaps as his world. Thus Balzac's work, centered as it necessarily was in his personality, is a mirror of mid-nineteenth-century France, and Watteau's painting, despite its subjectivity, is a symbol of the rococo. In this way, all the while that a work of art remains an expression of personality, it may become, like the Triumph of Death in the Campo Santo at Pisa (fig. 8) or Orcagna's frescoes in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, an expression of a social *milieu*, a system of thought, or even of an entire age.

* Gustave Flaubert, *Correspondence*, vol. II, p. 232.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 8. The Triumph of Death, by a Follower of the Lorenzetti

Campo Santo, Pisa

Moreover, whatever hidden wishes of the artist may find embodiment in his art, it is not necessary to appeal to them in order to explain the interest which the spectator takes in his work. They may be the underlying motives to creation, but they are not the necessary grounds of appreciation. A simpler explanation lies at hand through the distinction between the generalized and the specialized form of a wish. Most human modes of response are general in the sense that they may be touched off by any one of a whole class of objects; yet gradually, through experience and the formation of habits, they are fixated upon some few or even a single object.* For example, the human interest in the opposite sex is general in that it may be stimulated by many individuals, but is eventually limited through the process of falling in love or through the specialized habits formed in marriage. Again, the instinct for food is general in a similar way, since many objects will satisfy hunger; but of course appetite may become so specialized in the American that he will refuse everything except coffee and shredded wheat for breakfast. What is true of such elementary types of response is true also of the more complex types of wishes; although a scholar may prefer the study of Greek to anything else in the world, he probably would have taken equal pleasure in the study of any other language, had not some accident caused him to specialize in Greek; or the business man, while he may perhaps prefer the particular line which has become his own, would have been as much interested in something else, had circumstances so willed. Yet despite the fixations and specializations which all wishes undergo, they remain, in large measure, general to

* Compare on the subject of the generality of wishes, W. E. Hocking, *Human Nature and Its Remaking,* chap. XXII.

the end. Human nature resists all efforts on the part of experience, habit, and institutions perfectly to specialize its functions, and persists in being mobile, inconstant, general. If sufficiently hungry, even the fussy man will enjoy almost any kind of food; if circumstances demand, the business man will find any kind of business interesting to a degree; the student any kind of study; the ambitious man welcomes any sort of success; and even the lover retains a vague interest in all women. In fine, any mode of human response may be summoned into activity by a far larger number of stimuli than those to which it more specifically and habitually responds. This persistent generality of the wish is correlated with the fact that human instincts and interests are commonly voracious; they are always too strong; they express a reserve of energy which is never exhausted by any one act or series of habitual acts. As moralists have always insisted, human nature ever goes to excess; hence the hopelessness of finding any ideal or stable forms—be they institutions or laws or habits—into which life will neatly and perfectly fit.

The despair of the moralist is, however, the opportunity of the artist; for art appeals to our wishes precisely in their generalized, uncanalized shape. Art provides an imaginative mode of expression for their unbounded excess. Hence a work of art will give satisfaction to the spectator no matter what particularized wish may have motivated it, provided it arouse and satisfy some general wish of his own. For example, the student of Ibsen can explain each of his plays as a dramatization of some personal problem or conflict; yet a spectator can appreciate the plays without the least notion of what those problems were, and for the reason that they will arouse and satisfy in him that general curiosity about man-

kind and need of social stimulation which are never completely satisfied in real social life. In the same way, a religious picture will interest the spectator because of his fund of religious feeling, irrespective of the particular situation in the life of the artist out of which it arose. Even if it were true that some 'complex' in the life of the artist motivated every work of creative art, it would not be necessary that the spectator have a similar complex in order to appreciate it. Naturally there is a relation between the motive to creation and appreciation; but this relation is that of the particular to the general; the particularity of the creative wish is lost through artistic expression and only its generalized form is transmitted from the artist to the spectator. The vogue of the so-called 'triangle' in the novel and the drama and of the nude in art is not due to the presence of an unconscious complex in the mind of each one of us, but to the fact that everybody has a reserve of amorous feeling that is not expressed in the usual ways.

Before proceeding further with our argument, it will be well to consider a possible objection. It may be urged against us, first, that we have not even begun to fulfil the promise that was made at the outset, namely, to offer at least the outline of a proof that art is the imaginative expression of a wish. Such a proof should demonstrate the presence of wishes in all the arts; whereas, up to this point at least, the argument has relied on very general considerations only. My answer to the objection is an invitation to proceed to the reading of the following chapters, where the argument is carried further with reference to some of the special arts. Second, the whole point of view might be challenged by some partisan of a theory such as Schopenhauer's which would urge against it

the 'will-less' character of the æsthetic attitude. Art, it may be claimed, is a form of knowledge—of Platonic ideas or essences, as Schopenhauer* averred; or of individuals, as Croce† believes; it is not a mode of satisfying the instincts. The intellect, not the will, is the source of beauty. Now it is freely admitted that the view I am maintaining differs radically from one such as this; they are, indeed, as the poles asunder. Nevertheless, if correct, our hypothesis must find a place for those elements of the æsthetic experience which provide a basis for the opposing theory—the serenity, the disinterestedness, the seeming impersonality, of art. And that our view can do this will, I trust, emerge in the sequel. Moreover, I should not deny that art may satisfy, as far as is possible through the imagination, the interest in knowledge; I should claim, however, that this interest is merely one of a multitude of interests which have an equal right in art. There are, for example, works of the pictorial arts which satisfy man's interest in sheer perception for its own sake; a Dutch or a Flemish still life will delight the spectator much as a child is delighted with the gay plumage of tropical birds or the shapes and colors of gold-fish in a pond. But this is no will-less contemplation: for the will to perceive—to see, to hear, to touch, or to smell things—may be as eager and vivid as the will to eat or to drink. Philosophy has long ago discarded the notion that knowledge and perception are passive and passionless functions of an emasculated knower. And as a passion, but never as a cold habit aloof, art may seek to satisfy this interest in perception through the new, the strange, the many-colored, and the mysterious. But

* Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea*, book III.
† Benedetto Croce, *Estetica*, chap. I.

neither the drawings of men and animals on the inside of the caves of Aurignacian man nor the paintings of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel are instruments of a mere intuition.

Thus far I have accepted the familiar comparison between art and dream, but certain differences between them are of the utmost importance. For a dream is an inner fact only, an affair wholly of the imagination, while a work of art belongs also to the outer world, to the senses. It is something to be seen, heard, perhaps even touched. A work of art is born only when imaginative vision is wedded to sensuous shape. The inner vision must be expressed, in the etymological meaning of the term, put out into color and line, word-sound or tone. To be an artist always involves being more than a dreamer or seer; it involves mastery of a material as well; the mere dreamers are only half artists. The painter is one who can translate his visions of nature into visible line and color; the poet is one fertile in words as well as in ideas; the sculptor does not exist until he is able to model.* Art is a 'gift of tongues,' of language. The artist must be able to create, in the external world, something to charm the senses as well as to speak to the mind. It is as if the artist were not content to realize his wishes in the closed room of the imagination, but desired to step out into reality and find satisfaction there. Yet the artist never does, of course, achieve reality. In the words of Bacon, he submits the mere *shows* of things to the desires of the mind. He takes the senses into the imagination, he does not leave the world of the imagination. His work remains a show, a make-believe, to the end; or rather it makes of reality itself such a show. It is a play, not of images

* Compare the argument of N. Kostyleff, *La Mécanique cérébrale de la pensée*, 1914.

merely, as in a dream, but of sensations. These are chosen partly for their ability to embody the dream, but also for their own intrinsic beauty. Thus in a song, like Der Erlkönig, the musical tones are not merely an embodiment in sound of Goethe's ideas as Schubert made them his own; but independently, as mere sound, they are an expression of vague moods and desires; and the colors in a painting are not only the right colors from the point of view of representation, but beautiful on their own account, apart from any representation. A picture is, first of all, a pattern of expressive colors and lines, just as music is first of all an arabesque of beautiful sound. Thus the sense medium is itself a part of the dream and an expression of the artist's desire.

That, despite its sensuous side, a work of art remains within the sphere of imagination, can easily be seen from another point of view. Consider, for example, Vermeer's Young Woman with a Water Jug (fig. 9). The pigments and the canvas are, of course, physical objects, as real as sun and moon; no dream work, no mere imagination they. Yet the paint and the canvas are relevant to the æsthetic experience only through what can be seen of them in the picture; as parts of the æsthetic object, they are only visual sensations in the mind of the beholder; they might as well be a hallucination. Moreover, the colors there are the colors of the woman's face, of her garments, of the casement and the map. Now admittedly all those things are not real; despite the convincing art of the painter, they are a make-believe, that is all. And notwithstanding their intrinsic beauty, the colors are, for æsthetic appreciation, constituents of these make-believe objects, nothing more.

Yet certain transformations accrue to the dream through

Fig. 9. Young Woman with a Water Jug
by Johannes Vermeer

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 10. The Tempest, by Giorgione

Giovanelli Collection, Venice

sensuous embodiment; or, in order to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding (as if in artistic work the vision must precede expression when, as a matter of fact, the two usually go hand in hand), let me say rather that a dream expressed differs in important ways from a mere dream. It possesses a poignancy, an objectivity, an additional tang of reality, while remaining nevertheless a dream. Through its connection with the sense world, it is partly dissociated from the rest of the self, and so seems to be external, like the color or sound in which it is embodied. It belongs to the outer as well as to the inner world; it confronts us; it draws attention to itself; we are awake to it, not asleep in it, as we are in a dream. It is "the dream of a man awake." It possesses a steadiness, clarity, and independence that permit us to observe it, as we cannot observe a dream. In the experience of beauty there are two, the work of art and myself. This fact renders inadequate every comparison of the æsthetic experience to hypnosis or the mystical experience, where the distinction between subject and object disappears in utter oneness. So far may the process of dissociation go that the poet's passion is no longer felt as his own, after expression; and the novelist's characters, for all that they are bits of himself, may seem to be doing their own wills, not his.

But the fact that art is expression has further consequences. In order to understand these, it will be useful to distinguish the various types of expression, the practical, scientific, and æsthetic. A cry of help or an advertisement is an illustration of practical expression; a mathematical equation or a treatise on astronomy is an illustration of scientific expression; a painting or a poem is an illustration of æsthetic expression. The practical function of language is the com-

munication of wants in such a way that others will assist us in satisfying them; the scientific function is the formulation and communication of knowledge, either for its own sake, merely in order to satisfy curiosity, or as an instrument of practical needs. Science is a set of symbols by means of which the form of the world is built up in the mind of man either for contemplation or for the service of hunger, ambition, and love. The æsthetic function of language, despite constant attempts to reduce it to one or other of the first two, is different from either; its purpose is the clarification and communication of imagination, with its values.

Perhaps the simplest way to understand the unique character of æsthetic expression is through examples that occur outside of art. The conversation of friends when they tell to each other intimate experiences is almost æsthetic expression. There, obviously, there is no immediate practical purpose of seeking or offering of help; nor is there any work of scientific formulation or analysis. Expression occurs for its own sake alone; it flows spontaneously, with no ulterior aim. It is an end in itself; there are no effects, in space or in time, for the sake of which it exists. In this respect it is like the automatic expressions of emotion of children, their smiling or laughing, before they have discovered the usefulness of either. Nevertheless, there are motives at work in the intimate avowal, and resulting values, only they are created, contained, and felt within the experience of expression itself. In the first place, the expression has the effect of preserving in the imagination something of the original experience recalled; of living its values once again, in the only form in which they can now be lived, in memory, as in a dream; and of living them, not alone, as in mere revery, but with the craved sym-

pathy or admiration of the fellow mind. Whatever there was in the original experience to satisfy curiosity or love, vanity or hate, is present anew in the rehearsal. But notice how a new value, one that was not present in the original experience, emerges through and within the expression; the necessity of putting memories into words, each of which, as a word, has a fairly definite meaning, and all of which must be arranged in logical sequence, inevitably brings into the vision an order and a clarity which were not there before. And so through expression we not only relive our experience in revery, but come to understand it; we give to that which was hitherto a matter of dumb feeling and elusive image, the clearness and distinctness of thought. All that was irrelevant to the values of the original experience, and all that could not be received by a fellow mind, has been winnowed away; there remains only the socially interesting residue of the experience. And yet, all the while that we have translated our experience into words, we have not lost its emotional vividness or its imaginative freshness.

That expression may have an æsthetic function in the life of the group, I would illustrate by recounting an incident of which I was witness. The incident took place in the little town of Prato, near Florence, where I had gone to see the Madonna of Filippino Lippi. As the afternoon was getting late, I noticed that the streets were being cleared, and presently I saw a procession of young girls headed by a priest. The girls were dressed all in white and carried long streamers or banners. I learned upon inquiry that the procession was in honor of a working girl who had met with a mysterious death. She had suddenly fallen into a coma from which, without waking, she had died. What was the significance of the

celebration? It was, surely, without all practical import; it meant a loss of time and energy from business; its purpose, I should say, was chiefly æsthetic. It was an expression of the grief and the sense of mystery that had taken hold of the hearts of the girl's companions; they were seeking, through the whiteness and cleanness of their dresses, through their measured paces, and in the words of praise inscribed on their banners, to revive the beloved image of their dead friend, and to feel again the mystery of her strange fate. But their act had a further significance. It was—was it not?—their way of giving form to the mixed and varied feelings which they must have undergone, of bringing them into clarity and order. When stripped of accessory political or other practical motives, the ceremonial of a religious service, a patriotic celebration, a marriage, or a funeral, or even some festival of joy, has a similar significance.

The effect of expression on primary experience is the same in the case of a work of art, only instead of occurring haphazardly and imperfectly, as in life, in art it takes place with intent and with perfection. Through artistic expression also the values of the original experience are relived in the imagination, and preserved there not merely for the artist himself, but for all men who care to make his experience theirs. In life, æsthetic expression is casual and transient; in art it is made permanent for all who can understand its language. Hence in art and in art only do we find an enduring record of the dreams of the race. But, furthermore, through artistic expression the dream is not only preserved, it is transformed. There is given to it inevitably a coherence, a clarity, an intelligibility, which otherwise it could not possess. We have already had occasion to notice this. But something else fol-

lows from it. The dream becomes bathed in thought; it acquires a meditativeness alien to a mere dream. Born perhaps in passion, it comes to perfection in contemplation. The tumult that seethes underneath in music or in the lyric cry of poetry cannot fail to be mastered through expression in rhythmic form, so that even there where art seems most elemental, one not only feels, but meditates. All that was said of the effect of expression upon the revery in the intimate talk of friends applies, only in heightened degree, to a poem. The original experience, whatever it be, is translated into a rhythmic pattern of words. But whoever uses language, unless he speak in mere interjections, thinks. A word is a thought; and a thought is a generalization, the social and valuable essence of an experience. This the poet distills in the process of expression: but in such a way, through his chosen imagery and the personal pulse of his rhythmic pattern, as to re-create the uniqueness and vividness of his emotion.

The effect of expression on experience is no different in the plastic arts. The energy of feeling and the fullness of imagery that are contained in the primary vision of colors and lines and space forms are concentrated and simplified by the effort to give them enduring and harmonious form. A picture is at once a feeling, an image, and a thought. For painting is a language, with its own syntax and vocabulary of color and line and composition: and if you appreciate the picture in its fullness, its form as well as the appeal of its colors and its subject, then you are thinking as well as feeling and imagining. Consider, for example, Ingres' Odalisque (fig. 12), a splendid vision of the most interesting thing in nature. How simply the vision is rendered; it is all contained in a very few lines. And no one of these lines is exactly like anything in

the object; for there the lines are uneven and tangled, while here they are simple and clear. Yet they suffice; for they convey, not the infinite detail of the model who inspired or sat for the vision, but so much, and no more, as is necessary to arouse and satisfy the generalized wish of the spectator. Whatever there was of purely personal interest on the part of the artist, and all the unvalued items of the object, have been eliminated; and there remains just this schematized, transpersonal image. This is the æsthetic essence of vision: so much, and no more of it, as can embody the generalized wishes of men. It remains a dream of an individual, for as individual it interested the artist and will interest the spectator; but a dream simplified in terms of that interest itself, and this simplification has occurred through the effort of the artist to express and communicate his vision in terms of the language of color and line of his art. Whatever be the philosophical meaning of essence, an æsthetic essence is a simplification of a dream in terms of a generalized wish, and through the language of a particular art. One fundamental vice of emotionalist theories of art is their neglect of the clarifying function of expression in its effect upon the dream. All theories of art are defective which seek its origin in mere feeling or imagination. For, to use the words of Goethe, they overlook the need in man to reflect upon, to come to some certain understanding of his experience. Now this need is satisfied in art through expression, in which the dream is given a stable form and subjected to the transforming work of thought. Art is the clarification, the communicable value of a dream.

But even now our analysis of art is incomplete; for we have barely mentioned one of the most striking characteristics of

Photograph by Carl Klein

Fig. 11. Le Cirque, by Georges Seurat

Louvre

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 12. L'Odalisque, by Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres

Louvre

art, æsthetic form or design. And since this will be the topic of the next chapter, my consideration of it will be very brief. I have chosen Seurat's Le Cirque (fig. 11) to illustrate the fact of design, because in few paintings is the design so striking, and so magnificent, as there. By design I mean, of course, harmony, balance, rhythm, and the like. A poem is not only an expression of feeling, it is patterned words; a musical composition is not only an embodiment of mood, it has a very elaborate harmonic and rhythmic structure; a picture or statue is never merely the representation of some object in nature, it is besides a harmony of lines and colors and space elements. A beautiful building is never one that is merely well adapted to its purpose, it possesses besides proportion and expressive lines and space forms. No matter how interesting and noble be the imagination of the artist, without design there is no picture or statue or poem or beautiful building. Moreover, the fundamental principles underlying æsthetic design are universal; they are exemplified in primitive art as well as in civilized art; in oriental as well as in occidental art; in the art of the black, the white, and the yellow man. Arguing from the universality of design some students of art, called formalists, have claimed that design was the essence of art, the very thing we call beauty.

Yet despite the importance of design in art, the claim of the formalist is unjustified. For the underlying impulse to art is the demand for satisfaction of wishes in the imagination; design is a necessary, not a sufficient, condition of beauty, as many a faultless but cold and meaningless work attests. Moreover, design is no independent thing, imposed as from the outside upon imaginative expression, but a perfectly natural and inevitable development of expression,

when it is an end in itself. For, as will be shown in the next chapter, design is the form of all experience when it is satisfactory. Whenever experience is most delightful, it possesses rhythm, balance, unity in variety, and a cumulative movement—these are not peculiar to art, except in their perfect realization, and they are perfect there because the artist, unlike other men, has complete control of his material. Building up in the imagination a little world that shall satisfy his wishes, and embodying it in a medium over which, as expert technician, he is master, it would be strange if the artist did not give that world design. Design is the inevitable consummation of the artistic impulse. And it is right that artists and critics should place stress upon that which gives to art its perfection.

To summarize briefly what has been perhaps a rather too intricate discussion. Art, like the dream and many forms of play, is a mode of imaginative realization of desire. This is the primary source of its value and the initial motive to creation. But in art this impulse is connected with the impulse to express and communicate, so that art may also be regarded as a mode of expression or language. It is expression for the sake of expression because in the process of expression a dream is embodied, a wish satisfied. Moreover, when expression becomes an end in itself, it tends to assume a harmonious, delightful form—design. Finally, through expression, the dream is clarified and socialized, and instead of remaining a purely private possession, becomes the dream of all men and the surcease of superabundant desire.

CHAPTER II

THE PROBLEM OF ÆSTHETIC FORM

HAVING undertaken in the first chapter to offer a general theory or definition of art, I wish in the present chapter to study a single aspect of art—form or design. I have chosen this aspect for special study, partly because of its intrinsic interest, but chiefly because of its strategic importance for the understanding of the whole nature of art. And I have in mind to do two things: first, to unfold the general principles underlying design, and second, to inquire into the ground or reason for their existence. It is a remarkable fact, challenging to the curiosity of every student of art, that not only is design a universal characteristic of all art, but that its fundamental structure is the same everywhere. If, for illustration, you place alongside of each other the most diverse examples of the sculptor's art: works proceeding from antiquity and modernity; from the Orient and the Occident; of classical repose or baroque movement; realistic, romantic, or even cubistic; Egyptian, Hindu, Italian, French, German, American; different as they are, you will find them all alike in respect to their underlying design. Or if you choose a series of paintings or buildings or oriental carpets or musical compositions or poems; or even if you select at random for comparison a statue, a painting, a poem, a sonata, a beautiful vase; the same observation would hold: all these so diverse works would be the same in form.

Of course, when I say that the form of all art is the same, I refer only to the most abstract aspects of form. For in sculp-

ture, the form is a form of lines, planes, and volumes; in painting it is a form of colors and lines; in music, of tones; in poetry, of word-sounds. Hence, in each art the form is characteristically different; indeed, in every work of art it is unique. But I am not now concerned with the characteristic or unique quality of any species of form or of any individual form; I am interested only in the fact that despite the varieties of form, there is a common structure, law, or pattern in all æsthetic form. And this underlying pattern is something that one becomes aware of vaguely, as by mere feeling, before one has analyzed it and formulated it. So impressive is this fact of design that one cannot wonder at the tenacity of formalism in æsthetic theory—the doctrine that beauty is form, introduced by Plato twenty-five hundred years ago, and still maintained, for example, by Clive Bell.

Nevertheless, the conclusion of the formalist that æsthetic form is all that there is to beauty is unfounded. One might urge against the formalist what Plotinus urged,* that beauty is not absent from certain very simple things, like single colors or single sounds, where it is hard to find any form at all. The mere color of the blue sky, the mere fragrance of orchids, a single violin tone, is beautiful. Yet no formalist would be disconcerted by such an objection; for he would reply that he was not talking of beauty in some vague and general sense, but of the beauty of art; that one color cannot make a painting nor one sound a melody, but several can; and if they do, they will have exactly the character of which I am speaking, namely, æsthetic form. And I think we should have to admit the justice of the rejoinder; yet this admission does not prove

* Plotinus, *Ennead*, I, book 6.

the thesis of the formalist. For the works of art which the formalist cites as examples of pure design are more than that: melody is no mere abstract pattern or arabesque of sound, but a glowing experience of emotion as well; and even the pure color painting of the luminist, which seems to be merely a pattern of colors, is not pure pattern; for color, like sound, is a thrill of feeling. And although it is true that a still-life picture, imitative of quite indifferent objects—say one of Cézanne's—may be beautiful, that is because its mere colors and lines are appreciated by us as a static, inaudible music. Consider any work of art at your pleasure as an example of pure design, and a more careful consideration will show that it is an expression of feeling as well.

However, the chief reason why I believe that the formalist is wrong is a more profound one, which it will be the single purpose of this chapter to explain, illustrate, and justify. The reason is this: æsthetic form is not the sort of miraculous thing of which such people as Clive Bell speak with awe, but rather a fact related organically to the fundamental fact about art, namely, that art, like the dream, is a free creation of the imagination under the dominion of a wish. If this is true, if the same impulse that produces the content demands also its appropriate form, form and content are shown to be inseparable not only in fact but in origin. Croce, too, has insisted on the inseparability of form and content, yet they lie distinct in his theory; for the form comes from the activity of the intellect, and the content comes, we know not whence.* What, on the contrary, I wish to prove is that they both come from precisely the same source, from desire. Thus art would

* In the later, much truer but less original statement of his theory, in *La Pratica,* part I, section II, chap. 6, the matter comes from desire or aversion.

be shown to have a single and not, as Volkelt* believed, a multiple origin.

In order to prove this, we must first consider the general characteristics of æsthetic form. These I shall try to reduce to their simplest principles, hoping to provide the elements of what might be called a logic of æsthetic form. These principles are, I think, very few; as few, indeed, as six: the principle of organic unity, or unity in variety, as it has been called; the principle of the theme; the principle of thematic variation; balance; the principle of hierarchy; and evolution. I do not assert that there are no more principles, but I at least have been unable to find any of equal generality. Others that have been suggested can be shown either to be identical with the six mentioned or to be special cases of them. I shall consider each at some length.

First, the long-established principle of organic unity. By this is meant the fact that each element in a work of art is necessary to its value, that it contains no elements that are not thus necessary, and that all that are needful are there. The beautiful object is organized all through, "baked all through like a cake." Since everything that is necessary is there, we are not led to go beyond it to seek something to complete it; and since there are no unnecessary elements, there is nothing present to disturb its value. Moreover, the value of the work as a whole depends upon the reciprocal relations of its elements: each needs, responds to, demands, every other element. For example, in the Young Woman with a Water Jug (fig. 9), the cool green needs the warm yellow, and both need the red; the casement demands the table, the map requires the dark shadow under the casement, to balance

* Johannes Volkelt, *System der Ästhetik*, vol. I.

it. In a melody, each tone requires its successor to continue the trend that is being established. In short, the meaning of the whole is not something additional to the elements of the work of art, but their coöperative deed.

This principle cannot, however, be described in so external a fashion. For the unity of a work of art is the counterpart of a unity within the experience of the beholder. Since the work of art becomes an embodiment not only of the imagination of the artist, but of the imagination of the spectator as well, his own experience is, for the moment, concentrated there. He is potentially as completely absorbed in it as he is in a dream; it is for the moment, in fact, his dream. And he can and does remain in the dream because the artist has so fashioned his work that everything there tends to continue and deepen it, and nothing to disturb and interrupt it. Art is the expression of the whole man, because it momentarily makes of man a whole. The 'isolation' of the æsthetic experience of Hugo Münsterberg* and the 'repose in the object' of Ethel Puffer† are descriptions of the fact to which I am calling attention. This does not mean, of course, that the work of art is not related to other things or that it is actually isolated; but only that its relations are irrelevant to its value, and that it cuts itself off from the rest of the world during appreciation; and this it does, first, because it embodies my dream and, second, because it is so constructed as to make me dream on. The marble of which the statue is made comes from a certain quarry and has an interesting geological history there; it stands in a certain part of space, and hence is related to other parts of space; but all such facts are of no account to its

* *The Eternal Values,* chap. IX.

† *The Psychology of Beauty,* chap. III.

beauty. By placing the statue on a pedestal, we indicate its isolation from the space of the room, as by putting a frame around a picture we isolate it, too, from everything else in the world. It is true that, in order to understand a work of art in its historical relations, I must connect it with the artist's personality, with other works of his, with the 'moral temperature' of the age, with the development of artistic styles, and the full appreciation of its beauty depends upon acquaintance with its spiritual background. Who, for example, can appreciate the whole meaning of Signorelli's Pan (fig. 35) without some knowledge of classical antiquity and the Italian Renaissance? Yet at the moment of appreciation, all such knowledge becomes focused in the work of art, gathered and contained there like rays in a prism, and does not divert us from it.

The ancient law of organic unity is the master principle of æsthetic form; all the other principles serve it. First among them is what I would call the principle of the theme. This corresponds to the 'dominant character' or *idée mère* of Taine.* In every complex work of art there is some one (or there may be several) preëminent shape, color, line, melodic pattern or meaning, in which is concentrated the characteristic value of the whole. It contains the work of art in little; represents it; provides the key to our appreciation and understanding of it. Thus every good pattern is built up of one or more shapes, the disposition of which constitutes the design. When there is color as well as shape, there is some dominant color that appears again and again or in related degrees of saturation, or else there is a color chord that is similarly repeated or is analyzed. In architecture, each style has its char-

* *Philosophie de l'art*, part I, p. 5.

acteristic shape, line, or volume, as the pointed arch of the Gothic, the round arch of the Roman, the ellipse of the baroque. In music, there are the one or more themes that express the essential significance of each composition. Likewise, every sculptor, every draughtsman, has his unique and inimitable line. In every poem, there is a peculiar inflection and a regnant idea which constitute the basis of the design. In the drama or the novel, there is some one, or there may be several persons, whose character and fate create the plot.

The third principle is thematic variation. It is not sufficient to state the theme of a work of art; it must be elaborated and embroidered. One of the prominent ways of doing this is to make it echo and reëcho in our minds. Usually, if the theme can be repeated once only we are better pleased than with a single appearance. Yet to find the same thing barely repeated is monotonous; hence what we want is the same, to be sure, but the same with a difference: thematic variation. The simplest type of thematic variation is recurrence of the theme, as in any pattern built upon a repeat. Here is the maximum of sameness with the minimum of difference: mere difference of spatial or temporal position. A slight acquaintance with primitive art is sufficient to convince one of the overwhelming importance of recurrence there. Yet it is needless to say that recurrence is not confined to primitive art. We find it in all civilized art: the recurrence of the same shape and proportions in architecture and sculpture; the recurrence of the theme in music; the recurrence of the same type of foot in meter; repetition of the same color in painting; recurrence of lines and directions of lines (parallelism) in painting and sculpture and architecture; the refrain in poetry; the reappearance of the hero in different scenes in the drama and

novel. However, because of the monotony of mere repetition, recurrence gives place to what may be called, in a generalized sense, transposition of theme, as when a melody is transposed to another key or tempo; or when in a design the same shape appears in a different color, or a color appears in different degrees of saturation or brightness; or in architecture, where a shape occurs in different sizes or members—in doors, windows, gables, choir-stalls, and the like. Still another kind of thematic variation is alternation, which requires, of course, more than one theme, or at least two different transpositions of the same theme. Of this, again, the illustrations are legion. Finally, there is inversion of theme, as when a melody is inverted or, in painting or sculpture, a curve is reversed. These are not all the possible types of thematic variation, but they are, I think, the most important and usual.

Another principle of æsthetic form is balance. Balance is equality of opposing or contrasting elements. Balance is one kind of æsthetic unity, for despite the opposition of the elements in balance, each needs the other and together they create a whole. Thus the blue demands the gold and the gold the blue, and together they make a new whole, gold-and-blue. Opposition or contrast is never absent from balance, for even in symmetry, where the balancing elements are alike, the directions of these elements are opposed, right and left. But contrast is never by itself æsthetically satisfactory, for the contrasting elements must offset each other, they must balance. In color, the warm offsets the cold; in a picture, the small object, properly placed, offsets the large one. Hence, just as only equal weights will balance in a scale pan, so only elements that are somehow equal in value, despite their opposition, will balance æsthetically. Not every tint of blue will

balance every shade of yellow; that depth of blue must reappear in a corresponding depth of yellow; a light, superficial blue would never balance a deep yellow. But the identity of the opposites is even greater than this. For, as has been remarked, the elements of a balanced unity demand each other; the blue demands the yellow; the line which falls in one direction demands the line that falls in the opposite direction. Now the demand which the color or line makes for its opposite is itself a foreshadowing of the latter; in its demand it already contains the prophecy of its opposite. And even when, as may occur in painting, there is balance between elements of unlike quality—balance, say, of brightness of color against distance or size—the attention value of each must be the same, though opposed in direction. The essential thing about balance is equality of opposed values, however unlike be the things that embody or carry the values.

The pervasiveness of the principle of balance is too generally recognized to need much illustration or argument. In painting we expect, with a reservation that I shall consider in a moment, a threefold balance: horizontal, perpendicular, and radial or diagonal—between the right and left sides, the upper and lower portions, and between what may roughly be called the corners. This last has not received the attention which it deserves; but in many pictures, as for example, Tintoretto's Mercury and the Three Graces (fig. 14), the diagonal axis is the main axis; and in all cases of circular composition, radial balance is fundamental. In architecture, we find balance between right and left, and often between upper and lower parts. In music, there is not seldom a balance between earlier and later parts of a composition, or between opposing themes. In sculpture, there is the balance

characteristic of the human body made more perfect by the artist.

Pervasive as balance is, its universality has not stood unquestioned. Nevertheless, many apparent exceptions can be explained away, as is well known, as cases of disguised or subtle balance. The older interpretation of balance after the analogy of symmetry—the balance of like parts—is only a special kind of balance, and has to be supplemented by the wider conception of balance of unlike parts.* With this richer conception in mind, we can understand the balance—as in Bruegel's Harvesters (fig. 13)—between prominent objects in the right-hand part and little except a vista on the left. Similarly, there is a balance—as in the same picture—between the upper and lower halves of a painting, even when the horizon line is high, and the upper part seems therefore to be relatively empty of masses; for the distance values in the sky balance the heavier lower part. No more difficult of explanation are some cases where asymmetry appears to be definitely sought, as when a girl will put a patch on one cheek but not on another, or will tie the lock of hair on the right with a ribbon, but not the lock on the left. For the piquancy of this procedure comes from the fact that there is a background of decisive symmetry, against which the asymmetrical element stands out. This is quite different from absolute lack of balance. One finds similar eccentric elements in all complex patterns; but always with a background of emphatic balance. And if it is true that such elements disturb symmetry, it is equally true that they serve to emphasize it. The triangle of passion is another illustration; for there also

* Compare Ethel Puffer, "Studies in Symmetry," *Harvard Psychological Studies*, vol. I, 1902.

Fig. 13. The Harvesters, by Pieter Bruegel the Elder
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by D. Anderson, Rome

Fig. 14. Mercury and the Three Graces, by Tintoretto
Doges' Palace, Venice

a balanced relationship is the background against which the unbalanced derives its interest.

There are, however, more difficult cases to consider. Many works of art, of the temporal arts in particular, are superficially considered rhythmical rather than balanced, and rhythm may seem to be opposed to balance. Yet an analysis of rhythm shows it to be built upon the two fundamental æsthetic forms, thematic repetition and balance. For what are the typical characteristics of rhythm? Every rhythm is a motion of waves, all of a relatively constant or lawfully varying shape and temporal and spatial span, with balancing crests and troughs. The crest may be an accent or the swing up of a line; the trough may be one or more unaccented syllables, a pause, or the swing back of a line in the opposite direction. The rhythm may begin with the trough, as in iambic meter. The swing up and the swing back may both be very complex, as in free verse, yet the fundamental pattern, as it has just been described, is maintained: in every case there is the recurrence of a certain type of wave form, and the opposition—and balance—between the rising and falling swings. The simplest repeat, if you take its elements in succession, is a rhythm. In the diaper pattern, for example, there is the recurrence of the rising and falling lines, and their opposition and balance, two by two. Or a colonnade, as you apprehend the columns in succession, is a rhythm of identical and balancing filled and empty spaces, the columns corresponding to the arsis, and the spatial interval to the thesis.

Hence when balance seems to be replaced by rhythm, balance is still present, only it is not the simple type of balance so easily recognized, but balance as an element in the complex structure we call rhythm. This more subtle type of bal-

ance exists oftentimes in pictorial composition—in 'open' as opposed to 'closed' forms—where the ordinary mode of balance is rejected. I remember one of Monet's Lily Ponds, in which I searched vainly for the usual type of balance with reference to some axis, only to find that the elements of the picture were arranged in a clear-cut rhythm. Rhythm often replaces right-and-left balance in wall paintings, as in those of Puvis de Chavannes. In the Metropolitan Museum he has two paintings, both decorative sketches, which illustrate this: Inter Artes et Naturam (fig. 16) and The River. In the former, notice how we do not view the picture from a vertical central axis, but rather from left or right, taking each group of figures in turn as an element in a rhythmically disposed sequence of filled and empty spaces. In The River, the rhythmical arrangement is in deep space.

Another and last type of unity I call evolution. By this I mean the unity of a process when the earlier parts determine the later, and all together create a total meaning. For illustrations, one naturally turns first to the temporal arts. The course of a well-fashioned story is a good example, for each incident determines its follower and all the incidents determine the destiny of the characters involved. The drama offers similar illustrations: the form is the same, only transposed to theatrical presentation. In the older, orthodox story or play there were three stages in the development, an initial one of introduction of characters, a second stage of complication, ending in the climax, and then the unraveling. But these stages may be compressed. The story may begin with the complication already there; the play may begin with the climax and proceed to the unraveling, and go back, as in Ibsen, to the preparation. But in every case, there is a necessary relation

between means and consequences, causes and effects, and a total resulting meaning. Illustrations of this type of unity abound also in the static arts. Any line which we appreciate as having a beginning, middle, and end, and any composition of figures where we are led on from one figure or group of figures to another, is an illustration; for there, too, although the figures be physically static, our appreciation of them is a process in time, and through the process the meaning of the whole is evolved. Of all painters, I think El Greco offers the best illustrations of evolution, as in the Crucifixion reproduced (fig. 15), where we follow an intensely dramatic movement from the lower to the upper part of the picture.

Is evolution a genuinely distinct type of æsthetic unity? Can it be reduced to one or more of the preceding forms? The most closely allied form is rhythm; yet that evolution is distinct from rhythm can easily be seen. For in rhythm, unless combined with evolution, there is no obvious development, no tendency toward a goal. Rhythm is recurrence and balance of systole and diastole, with no growth from one phase to another. It is true that we sometimes speak of any movement of growth as a rhythm, as when we talk of the rhythm of life, but in such cases rhythm exists in combination with evolution. For there is, of course, a rhythm in all life—birth and death, sleep and waking, activity and repose. And if life be taken generically or historically, there are other equally well-known rhythms, as in the history of art, with the alternation of the opposed directions from realism to romanticism. In melody also, except in the most eccentric types of music, harmonic evolution is joined with an accentual or time rhythm. Moreover, even in the most mechanical types of rhythm, like the simple repeat, provided they be æsthetic,

there is some felt growth of value through the recurrence and balance of parts, and some, however slight, looking forward to the end term as a goal. Only in purely natural rhythms, as of the tides, is there no growth at all, but these, unless they enter into the mind and emotion of man, are not æsthetic in character. Nevertheless, although there is always some evolution in every æsthetic rhythm, evolution is not itself necessarily rhythmical. In literature, the rhythm of prose and poetry overlies a development of meanings which does not itself have the quasi-mechanical character of rhythm; the rhythm of time and accent is united with the melodic development of the musical theme, but does not constitute it. The essential character of evolution is, as Bergson has shown, growth or accumulation of meaning, which need not be rhythmical.

Two different types of evolutionary unity must be discriminated, the dramatic and the non-dramatic. In the dramatic type there is an element of overshadowing importance, the climax or goal; in the other type, this element is lacking. To be sure, every process must have an end, and the end has a distinctive importance as such, but it is not always true that the end has a greater importance than some other element or elements. The consummation of the meaning may occur through the agency of all parts evenly, rather than through a particular one. Many stories are of this character; there is an unfolding, a working out of something, with no obvious high points. Here and there the meaning rises, but there is no place where it becomes so central that we feel that the whole story depends upon it. And, if I mistake not, there is much music of this character; there is a definite drift or unfolding, but no climax or finale.

Photograph by D. Anderson, Rome

Fig. 15. The Crucifixion, by El Greco

Prado

Fig. 16. Inter Artes et Naturam, by Puvis de Chavannes

Collection of Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham

Closeness of connection, yet ultimate difference, marks the relation between evolution and the other types of æsthetic unity, balance and thematic variation. The static character of balance is opposed to the dynamic character of evolution; indeed, all movement depends upon the upsetting of an established equilibrium. Yet seldom, even in the static arts, is balance found without movement; for there exists a tendency to proceed from one to another of the balanced elements. In a simple color contrast, for example, there is ever so slight a movement from the cold to the warm color. And, on the other hand, there is often a balance within evolution, between the complication and the unraveling of the plot, or the earlier and later parts of a musical theme. But the union of evolution and balance does not militate against the uniqueness of either. There remains for comparison, thematic variation. This form, too, might seem at first sight to be opposed to evolution, yet not so, for there is probably no case of variation in which the evolutionary element is not present. For the series of variations is not fruitless; each contributes something to a meaning which accumulates and is complete when the variations are over. So many, and no more, exist as are necessary to this end. In so far as, in this way, a meaning is worked out, evolution and thematic variation approach and meet. Yet a difference remains. For the mode of the creation of the meaning is different. In the one case, it occurs through the recurrence of the central meaning in new shapes; in the other, through the realization of some single dominant idea, which extends over the entire work and is expressed once and once only. In the one case, we start with an idea already given, and work it out by repetition; in the other, we have no definite, but only a very vague idea to start with, and

construct it step by step. The one method may be called analytic, the other synthetic. For example, we do not know what a musical theme is like until we have heard it entire; building it up is one thing; then, having got it, it is another thing to modulate, invert, and vary it. The same is true of a line.

Nevertheless, in the construction of a theme, both thematic variation and balance may be employed. For example, in building a melody, we may proceed from tone to tone consonant with a given tone, thus repeating the fundamental psychophysical rhythm of the two tones which is the basis of their harmony; or we may proceed through opposition by introducing dissonances. Again, in constructing a linear theme, it is possible to proceed either by repeating or continuing the curve with which we start, or else by introducing opposing and balancing lines. Or for the elucidation of a story it may be expedient to place the persons in various situations, in order that they may manifest their characters—the method of thematic variation—or to balance them against unlike characters. Yet by themselves neither mere variation of theme nor balance of opposites will create evolution.

Thematic variation, balance, and evolution remain, therefore, the fundamental and irreducible types of æsthetic unity. I personally have been unable to find other types. Types which seem to be different, like rhythm or circular composition, can easily be shown to be species of one or another of these preëminent forms. The reduction of rhythm has already been effected. As for circular composition, it is evidently a case of evolution; for there is always a beginning and an end; but evolution is combined with repetition, for the beginning and the end are the same. A melody that begins and ends on the tonic is a simple illustration. I have

shown that all three forms are intermingled; and most works of art contain all three; yet they remain, nevertheless, distinct.*

The principle of hierarchy is not so much a mode of organic unity, like thematic variation, balance, and evolution, as rather a species of organization of elements in each of these modes. Sometimes, although not always, there is some one element, or there may be more, of a complex work of art which occupies a position of commanding importance there. These elements always embody the theme in an emphatic way, and have a significance far greater than any of the other elements. Thus, in a portrait, the figure is more important than the background, and the face is more significant than anything else. In a novel or drama there may be a scene of unusual significance for the development of the plot, or in a musical composition a single passage, like the Liebestod in Tristan, which overshadows the remainder of the composition or is the climax of its movement. Every dramatic species of evolution illustrates this, as we have seen. In balance also, as again we have already observed, one or the other of the elements may dominate, though slightly. However, dominance is a relative matter, and an element, not itself of unusual importance in the whole, may nevertheless overshadow another element, relatively. Thus, in the Young Woman with a Water Jug (fig. 9), the pitcher is more prominent than the box. Any quality whatever—large size, unusual brightness, richness of elaboration, central position, fullness of meaning—that attracts the attention to itself more

* I am reminded by my friend, Miss Shio Sakanishi, that in many forms of Japanese art symmetry and repetition are carefully avoided, yet balance is scrupulously observed.

strongly than the attention is attracted to other elements, creates relative dominance. However, there may be no elements of outstanding importance in the whole, as is the case in many a landscape painting and in the non-dramatic types of evolution, but only varying degrees of importance among all the elements.

What is the explanation of æsthetic design? The hypothesis which I shall present is closely connected, as I have indicated, with the general theory of art which I accept. A work of art—such has been the thesis—is the imaginative embodiment of a wish, expressed in a sensuous shape, through which both imagination and the wish acquire clarity, objectivity, and communicability. Or to put the same thing in a different way, a work of art is a reconstruction of sensuous reality into an image of desire. Art is expression, a language, but what it expresses is a dream. Now what I hope to show is that æsthetic form is precisely the form which a thing should have if it is to be in fact the imaginative satisfaction of desire. If the content of a work of art is the symbol of a wish, so is the form. Æsthetic form is desirable form. This form is, moreover, not peculiar to art, but is, as Plato divined, merely the perfection of that form which all experience has when it is happiest.

In a world which fulfilled my wish everything would be as I wanted it to be in terms of the wish. Everything would be both means and end; means as furthering satisfaction, and end as the material or terminus of satisfaction. Not only the eventual meanings, but the present qualities of my world would satisfy me. And such a world would contain no elements that were not expressions of desire. For obviously if any such elements existed, they would disturb the completeness of my satisfaction. They would either hinder or divert

me from my purpose. They might satisfy some rival interest, but in so far as they did, my original purpose would be impaired. It might be necessary for satisfaction that there be obstacles to desire, to give it zest, but at least there would not be irrelevance or rivalry of interest. The wish would still command and pervade every element. For the achievement of this end, two conditions are necessary: first, the utter plasticity of the materials, and, second, the isolation of the experience in which the wish is fulfilled. These conditions are perfectly realized only in the dream and in those voluntary constructions of the imagination which, embodying dreams, we call works of art. The materials of the dream are images, things freed from the laws and conditions of reality, perfectly plastic to the dreamer's desires. The restrictions of time, place, and matter are removed; everything can be as the dreamer wishes it to be—in his dream. Wrapt in himself, nothing from the outside world can enter to disturb him, no duties, no demands. It is true that as he sleeps lightly sensations may now and then reach the sleeper, but they do not disturb or divert; for they are quickly woven into the fabric of his dream. In the day-dream also the same conditions obtain. The rigid attitude of body and absent-minded expression of face indicate the isolation of the dreamer from the rest of reality and his absorption in the dream.

It is clear that the conditions of complete wish fulfilment as we have described them are the exact counterpart of the principle of organic unity. The inference is unavoidable that the principle itself is a derivative of the wish. It was only gradually, however, that the full implications of this principle were worked out. At first it was applied to the meanings or content of the work of art only. When paleolithic man first

drew the image of the bison or reindeer in his cave, he was creating a rudimentary work of art, an image of his desire. Those red or black marks meant the animal, the possession of which he so urgently needed. But it was only the animal that he was interested in—and he drew it with a poignant and consummate realism; he was not interested in the black or red marks themselves. Yet they, too, were his own work and subject potentially to his will. And eventually they claimed his attention. Gradually, we notice an interest in the colors or lines as such. The colors become pleasing and expressive; so too the lines; the wish has mastered the medium also. So that now we scarcely regard anything as a work of art unless it has this character of complete expressiveness. And where the form is most plastic to desire, there we agree that a work of art is most artistic, most nearly art—as with music and painting and sculpture, and occasionally with poetry (for language is rarely utterly responsive, even to a poet's will); and less often with architecture and the other industrial arts. The fineness of art depends upon this.

In passing from imagination to reality the conditions of perfect wish fulfilment are only partially satisfied; and therefore the principle of organic unity is only approximately realized; yet it is important to observe that there is partial fulfilment. The nearest approaches to the perfect realization of the wish are the so-called beauties of nature and machines. There is something seemingly miraculous about the former, for they come to man, without any effort of his own, already embodiments of his wish. It is as if some purpose were at work there favorable to man, moulding the aspect of things in accordance with his heart's desire. Thus to a man a woman is given, not created, beautiful—the visible expression of his

amorous dream for play, for companionship, for comfort. She is just as he would have her be, as if he himself had designed and created her, and in contemplation of her his instincts find a rapt and total imaginative fulfilment. Yet ever not quite. There is always some detail that does not go with the rest, some element of structure or line or color. When he paints her or sculptures her, he will change something. So a sunset on a summer's sea, or a moonrise over dark hills, without any effort of his own, will cause him to dream, and keep him in his dream, and thus will be beautiful. But to his critical eye there will be something there also, too much or too little, something to add or something to exclude (hence the artistic superiority of still life over nature), unless through some stupendous vision, like the Grand Cañon of Arizona, he is overwhelmed and his power of criticism shattered.

For any one who has used or known of the use of a machine, it too expresses a wish. There, too, as in a work of art, we observe the coöperation of parts to a single end; there, also, nothing is superfluous and everything needful is provided. Moreover, despite the fact that, in order to be used, a machine must be placed in contact with the object upon which it is to function—as a reaper must be placed in contact with the sheaves—its efficient working depends upon a certain isolation and enclosure of energies within a limited field. In all these respects, a machine is analogous to a work of art; but there are fatal defects from the point of view of the imagination. For, in the first place, the wish is never fulfilled in the machine itself as an object to be contemplated, as the wish is satisfied with art, but only through the use of the machine. To be sure, if well fashioned, a machine offers to the imagination a prophecy and premonition of the values in use, which

is itself a delight, but, after all, its purpose is not realized except in actual use. And in use, every machine reveals itself as imperfect and inefficient, magnificently functioning for a time, but soon needing repair and eventually out-of-date, and superseded—never a joy forever. Moreover, although a machine may be relatively good from a practical point of view, certain of its aspects need not be just as one would wish them to be. The lines, for example, although as bearers of mechanical energies they be precisely what we should want them to be in terms of the purpose of the machine, are not necessarily pleasing in themselves. Neither are the colors. Mechanically considered, the lines of a Ford car may be right, but as mere lines they are not. A machine, therefore, although it approximates organization in terms of a wish, is not organized all through; it may satisfy the user, but it does not always satisfy the spectator.

It is thus through the whole of a man's practical world. He is forever striving to reconstruct his environment in terms of his wishes; he succeeds here, he fails there, but never does he win a complete success. In his office he tries to arrange everything—chairs, table, desk, filing case, the routine of his business—so that each item will express his desire, so that nothing shall interfere or divert; but these things, although they may be partly, are never wholly, as he would have them. He comes home; he seeks there an environment that shall express his more intimate, affectionate, playful self; and if fortunate, he will find much that will satisfy, but never all.

To restate my argument. The organic structure of works of art is not unique—except in its perfection. For in his relations with his world, man is trying to do exactly what the artist does—to transform it into an image of his desire. And

he would so transform it all through; he would make it utterly his, the embodiment of his dream. But however skilful and fortunate, he cannot succeed. The materials with which he works are not sufficiently plastic to his purpose; he has to rely on other wills which offer him only partial service and co-operation; his own will is faltering and unclear. Some things there are that come to him already satisfactory, for the most part—his own and other organisms, where a will sympathetic with and similar to his own seems to be operative,* and institutions which are themselves partially products of desire; yet even these, as we have seen, are imperfect. There remains a realm where man can succeed, the realm of the imagination, dream, play, and art. There he can do perfectly, because there and there alone he is master and creator.

The next two principles, those of the theme and of thematic variation, can well be considered together. The explanation is contained, I think, in the following reflections.

The growth of experience is marked by the gradual emergence of clarity and definiteness, the passage of the mind from vague, diffuse interests to consolidated habits. On the reflective level, these habits become plans of action and expectations of recurrent kinds of satisfaction. Types of activity and value are distinguished: business, recreation, home life, love, study, and the like. And these types are not mere classifications of unrelated experiences that happen to be alike, but highly systematic wholes. In time, as man becomes fully self-conscious, he interprets his life in terms of them. This fact could be accurately expressed by saying that, as experience develops into ripeness, it knows itself as the working out of a number of definitely conceived 'themes,' which recur

* Compare the argument of Kant's *Kritik of Judgment,* part II.

again and again, are embroidered and varied, like the themes of an arabesque or a musical composition. And, as in music, experience tends, following its own law, to an increasing subordination of its elements to the major themes, few or many, upon which it is built. In proportion as it is masterful, these themes become clear and dominating. Yet in real life they never do become quite clear and dominating; man retains to the end, even when most powerful and self-conscious, a certain vagueness and shiftiness. He does not know just what his purposes are; he does not know just what to expect and plan for; but he always wishes that he did.

Now in art what I have called the principle of the theme is, I believe, the realization of precisely this wish. In the imagination, life can have the clarity and consistency which it seeks, but never quite finds. There it can state its plans, its expectations, its purposes. The theme is such a statement. Knowing a linear or coloristic or musical theme is like knowing a friend's character or plans, or like knowing one's own mind: you know what to expect; you know what the characteristic quality of your experience will be; and that everything will be composed with reference to this quality as a focus. The theme will contain the central meaning of the whole and will serve as the summary and essence of it. Knowing it, you can largely divine and understand the rest. Thus the theme is no new thing; it is not anything peculiar to art. It is the theme which gives to life, as well as to art, what we call style, distinctive pattern, and clarity. Once more we find that æsthetic form is the form of all satisfactory life, only a form perfectly realized because embodied in a material of indefinitely great plasticity.

Important as the theme is in life, no less important is the

variation of it. In order that life be satisfactory, it is necessary that a valuable activity be both constantly repeated and constantly varied. Few wishes can be satisfied with a single, instant fulfilment. At the first exercise of an activity the organs are not fully prepared; adaptation comes only by repetition. As I can better attend to a thing when—*ceteris paribus*—I have attended to it before, so I can the better enjoy what I have before enjoyed. Moreover, every valuable experience leaves a delightful memory of itself which becomes a wish for its renewal. When therefore the new experience comes, it comes not merely as a fulfilment of the desire itself, but of the expectation of it, also; it thus acquires a double value. The basis of life's happiness is the recurrence of habitual, expected satisfactions. And yet, although repetition increases value, mere repetition kills it. Too great habituation brings mechanism and the loss of conscious interest. Hence the need for change, for variation, to pique the value into vividness. Throughout life we demand the type, the theme, yet some variation from it.

I can illustrate the need for each as follows. Let us suppose that our friends had new faces each day, how disconcerting! We should have the trouble of getting acquainted with them anew each morning, and there would be no opportunity for the sweet joy of recognition, no anchor for affection. They could not grow in meaning for us, as they do now. Suppose, on the other hand, that our friends' faces were invariable, that they were worn like masks. Once more, how disconcerting! How monotonous, how unresponsive! Our values are best attached to familiar objects which at the same time offer us the spice of novelty. Through the typical, value receives perfectly adjusted realization; through its variation,

intensity. "The union of the hazardous and the stable," writes John Dewey, "of the incomplete and the recurrent, is the condition of all experienced satisfaction as truly as of our predicaments and problems. While it is the source of ignorance, error, and the failure of expectation, it is the source of the delights which fulfilment brings. For if there were nothing in the way, if there were no deviations and resistances, fulfilment would be at once and in so being would fulfil nothing, but merely be. It would not be in connection with desire and satisfaction."* Such familiar considerations as these suffice, I think, to show that the principle of thematic variation belongs to life as well as to art.

That the demand for balance in art has its analogue in life and that this demand springs from the emotional side of our nature, I shall now proceed to show. Balance depends upon contrast, as we have seen. One might think perhaps that contrast was opposed to the conditions underlying wish fulfilment as expounded so far; for, as we have observed it, the wish demands renewal, repetition of the like, while now we suggest that it demands the unlike. And yet it remains a fact that a wish requires both: both sameness and difference, and that extreme of difference which is contrast. There are several reasons for this. First, as has often been suggested, the contrasting thing, being totally unlike the original, occupies a different set of elements of the mind from those which are brought into play by the former, and thus offers them rest; when therefore the original object reappears, it comes with its value refreshed and enhanced. Each contrasting element therefore increases the value of the other. But

* John Dewey, *Experience and Nature*, p. 62.

this would explain only the value of alternating opposites; it would not explain simultaneous contrast. Hence there must be another reason, a reason far more fundamental, I think.

That reason is this: our entire emotional life is constructed on the principle of polarity: stimulation, repose; joy, sadness; love, hate; tension, relaxation. Not only is the organism bilaterally symmetrical and the muscles built in pairs of balancing antagonists; the inner life has a similar plan. Furthermore, each polar element *demands* its antagonist; it contains within itself already a desire and a premonition of its opposite. Joy contains an impulse to sorrow, and vice versa; hate to love; love to hate. Strange as this fact may seem, it is nevertheless a commonplace among acute observers of human nature. The most striking illustrations of it are to be found among pathological phenomena, but the pathological are only exaggerations, caricatures of the normal. Things which express opposing states of mind come, therefore, not only with their own native values, but with values enhanced through the fulfilment of demands which their very opposites have created. The blue demands the gold; the high tone, the low tone; the curve to the right, a curve to the left; light, darkness; because each of these pairs possesses an emotional significance which craves its opposite. This same principle may be stated in still another form, which is the most fundamental of all: man's entire nature demands expression; this is better fulfilled through contrast, which brings opposing elements into play, than through the mere variation of a single identical theme. A palette of warm colors contains only half a world of color values; a palette that contains also the cold holds the entire world of color value in its compass. Hence the richest works of art are constructed through the varia-

tion and embellishment of opposed, yet balanced themes.* This principle is of the greatest value in explaining the presence of evil and pain in art; for in the long run man prefers a world in which there is the night side as well as the daylight side of life.

Next we have to prove that the evolutionary type of unity exemplified in works of art is present in the structure of satisfactory life everywhere. Now, independent of the special character of its incidents, the course of life is interesting when, first, there is some major plan or expectation which is worked out through its entire span. The existence of an ambition, purpose, or expectation, as giving meaning and interest to life, would illustrate this. This demand is fulfilled in art through the theme, as we have observed. However, zest in life depends, second, upon the realization of the expectation in such a way that curiosity as to how and when it is to be fulfilled is constantly aroused and satisfied, satisfied and aroused, from moment to moment. A life in which expectation is fulfilled too easily, in which therefore suspense and curiosity are lacking, is boring; on the other hand, a life in which expectation was always balked, a life therefore which was so uncertain that no expectations could arise, would be intolerable. That both these conditions are fulfilled, and in the best possible fashion, in the æsthetic structure which we have called evolution, can be proved by the analysis of one or two concrete examples.

What happens when we listen to a story? It is a fact—is it not?—that, knowing the general plan of human life, there are created in us, through the characters and situations pre-

* This concept of totality through balance of opposites was Goethe's. See E. A. Boucke, *Goethe's Weltanschauung*, p. 263.

sented to us, certain expectations from point to point in the story which at later points are fulfilled or denied. At the outset our expectations are very general indeed; we know that we are to hear something about human life; hence there will be men and women in the story, and something of love and ambition, with the successful or unsuccessful issue of each. But when the story has fairly opened and the characters and their situation are before us, our expectations become more definite. They do not, however, take us far; they do not enable us to predict the outcome of the story with certainty. They carry us only to the next events, and then only to their general character. Thus, in Chekov's story, *Expensive Lessons,* as soon as the teacher of French enters the scholar's room we know he will fall in love with her, but we are in doubt as to what will be her feeling toward him. At each step in the story a double attitude of mind, part curiosity, part expectation, is created in us, and every time that our curiosity is satisfied, a new curiosity is aroused; every time our expectations are fulfilled, a surprise awaits us. A story that defeated all of our expectations would have no unity; one that allowed us to foretell everything and so aroused no curiosity and suspense, would not interest us. And when our expectations are disappointed, it should seem right—that is, logical—on retrospect, that events should have happened as they did; the story should seem right and we wrong; everything in the story should appear to be necessary, as we review it. In this respect also art should be the image of life, only more perspicuous than life; for as we live forward, looking to an unknown future, events occur which seem at the moment to be fortuitous, and we protest against them as things that might have been otherwise; yet when they are

past and we review them in the light of our own natures, which are our fates, and in relation to our history hitherto, we see that they could not have happened otherwise than as they did.

An analysis of melody reveals a similar psychological tissue. As we set ourselves in the attitude of listening, we have certain very vague expectations as to what we shall hear; it will be music, of course, and in a certain key and from a certain instrument. But our expectations become definite only after we have heard the first few tones. The succeeding tones must lie within the tonality of the melody; they must belong to the principal chords of the key. Yet we cannot predict beforehand just what is coming; we are curious to see. Sometimes, as when a dissonance is introduced, our expectations are defeated and we are surprised. But on the resolution of the dissonance, it comes to seem to have been right, in retrospect; and so does every other tone. Step by step there are built up expectations and curiosities which the music satisfies and arouses as it proceeds.*

But this account is still not quite adequate. For in emphasizing the step by step character of the development, we have failed to do justice to the dominating unity of the whole. This is very apparent when there is a climax. For in that case it is clear that there is aroused a major expectation and curiosity that pervades the entire story, with reference to which other expectations are as smaller designs in a larger pattern. But the same thing holds when there is no overshadowing element. There is still some main problem that has to be solved, some knot that has to be untied. The facts

* This analysis applies only to classical music. 'Modernist' music is at the point of dispensing with scales and tonality altogether.

are the same in melody; the melody arouses a single sweeping wave of expectation which is satisfied when the return to the tonic or to some other tone of the tonic chord is effected, even when its course is even. In rhythm, as opposed to evolution, there is a sequence of expectations and fulfilments; but unless the rhythm is part of an evolution, there is no embracing one. There, there is a series of pulsations, all on a level; here, there is a single one, made up of partial ones. In rhythm there is, moreover, a regularity in the pulsations and a balance among them, two by two, while in evolution, although there may be a regular or irregular ground-rhythm, the minor pulsations are not necessarily balanced. The facts noted here correspond to the differences between rhythm and evolution already recorded. Yet in the dramatic type of evolution, there is probably, as Langfeld has observed,* a balance between the strain of complication and the relief of unraveling.

That, finally, the principle of hierarchy has its analogue in life and its basis in human nature, is not difficult to see. The concerns of life fall naturally into focus and fringe, vocation and avocation, important and less important. Matters of high interest are salient against a background of things of less moment. There is never a dead level of value in life. No life is satisfactory without its hours of intense significance, which give it luster, yet man cannot always 'burn with a gemlike flame'; he must fall back, for rest and refreshment, on the little things. These latter are just as necessary in their way as the great moments. Some of them function as recreation, others as a stage or preparation for the high moments. Yet when life is most satisfactory, these moments of prepara-

* Sidney Langfeld, *The Æsthetic Attitude*, p. 241.

tion or repose are never merely means to ends; they possess charm of their own as well. When life is so lived it becomes an art, and when a work of art is so constructed, it is an image of life at its best.

What I have tried to prove in this chapter may be summarized briefly as follows: Æsthetic design is the perfect realization of that design which gives value to experience everywhere. When experience is organic, when it has clarity of aim, when that aim finds itself fulfilled in ever new experiences; when the opposing elements of our complex nature receive a balanced realization; when the career of life has plot, embodying suspense and fulfilment, curiosity and expectation; when there is due subordination of its elements to its major interests, yet some value in each on its own account as well; then experience is satisfactory, then it has desirable form. It was inevitable, therefore, that man in his effort to embody his dreams in permanent shape, and make them available for the appreciation of his fellows, should give to them this same form. The design of art, like its content, is the image of desire.

CHAPTER III

DESIGN AND REPRESENTATION IN THE PLASTIC ARTS, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO PAINTING

MODERN plastic art has been a development second to none in the history of art for surprises. So sudden are the changes that a dazed public is unable to comprehend what is going on. In the last century—I will not speak of the present—the academies were not only stunned; they were scandalized. They closed the official salons to the work of the innovating artists. The artists themselves, who were for the most part men not actively interested in anything except their art, were regarded as dangerous subverters of the social order. But gradually a change of mind occurred. The plein-airists and the impressionists secured good standing with the academies, and even Cézanne, after thirty years of official neglect and hostility, was admitted to the salon, and the wish of his life, "to be in the Louvre," has been fulfilled. This, of course, is a familiar story. I recount it merely to draw a moral from it. The misunderstanding between the artists and the public was due to a lack of philosophy. An adequate philosophy of art would have enabled the guardians of tradition to appreciate the strange beauty in the creations of the artists. For the value of philosophy is that it helps us to enter more easily into new experiences and to discern ahead of other people what is good and what is bad. Mere knowledge of principles will not, it is true, ensure appreciation of a work of art; for appreciation depends upon sympathy with the imagination of the artist, which is never an affair of the in-

tellect alone, and often comes slowly; yet at the least a good philosophy of art removes the screen of prejudices which so often stands in the way of appreciation. It permits the work of art to speak direct to the mind of the spectator. Today there is the same need of philosophy as fifty years ago. For the development of plastic art is still going on; the old issues are being fought afresh; we stand at the point where the development seems to have gone as far as it can, and perhaps a backward movement is setting in. In the present chapter, I purpose to apply the general philosophy of art expounded in the first two chapters to painting and sculpture, and particularly to painting, with the hope of throwing some light on the darkened artistic problems and controversies of our own time.

A work of art, as we have seen, is a fragment of sensuous experience, given meaning for the imagination and become an image of desire. Consider, for example, Corot's Ville d'Avray (fig. 17). What is it? It is, first of all, a pattern of colors and lines, a tiny portion of visual experience, something that we are seeing. But it is more than that; for it is, as we say, a landscape; it is a pool and trees, hills and houses, and a woman kneeling. All these things are parts of the picture, too. Yet they are in the picture in a different way from the colors and lines. For the colors and lines are really there, but not so the woman, the pool, or the hills. If I were to touch the pool, I should not find it wet, and if I were to call to the woman, she would not answer. It is only 'as if' they were there. They are only ideas in the mind, which the artist has suggested through the patterns of color he has devised; ideas which nevertheless blend with and inform the color impressions themselves, and seem to exist there in the picture. The

Fig. 17. Ville d'Avray, by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Giraudon

Fig. 18. Olympia, by Edouard Manet

Louvre

artist has made us dream while awake a dream as vivid and colorful as waking experience itself. It is as though we had wanted to see this landscape, and then the artist told us it was there, and lo! we saw it.

That is what the poet does. He says,

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree:
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea . . .

and once again we see a landscape, as in a waking dream. Here, too, are impressions of sense; not of color, as in a painting, but of sound, or image-equivalents of sound, if I read not aloud but silently; and through the pattern of these impressions a little world of ideas is evoked in fantasy, which seems to live nevertheless in the sense impressions themselves. For just as the pool seems to be there in the picture, embodied in those colors and lines, so the "sunless sea" that I imagine seems to be present in the very words 'sunless sea' as I hear them when I utter or read them. Yet even as I do not really see the landscape in the picture, but only imagine it there, so I do not really perceive a landscape when I read the poem; the words I perceive, but the landscape I imagine only. Moreover, parallel with the design in the painter's colors and shapes, there is a very elaborate pattern in the poet's words. Both create for us a tightly organized and ordered world. A picture and a poem are, therefore, essentially the same, so much so that it is strictly accurate to call a poem a picture in words, or a picture a poem in color

and line. And it is this way of conceiving of a picture that I wish to adopt at the outset. I want to think of painting as a language for the expression of the imagination in color and line, just as a poem is the expression of the imagination in words; for if we do so, almost all the misunderstandings about pictures disappear.

There is, however, a difference between a poem and a picture that might be considered important enough to invalidate our comparison, and to compel us to return to the old, outworn conception of painting as imitation. The difference is this. In the case of poetry, when I read or hear the words 'sunless sea,' the idea that I get or the image that arises in my fantasy bears no resemblance whatever to the words that suggest it; whereas, when I look at the picture, I cannot get the idea of a pool unless the colors and lines there have either something of the shape or something of the color of a real pool. In poetry therefore the symbol—a word—does not resemble at all the thing that is symbolized,* and we apprehend its meaning through association only; while in painting the symbol—a colored shape—does bear some resemblance to a corresponding real object, and we understand it by means of this resemblance. Painting, said Courbet, is a language whose words *are* objects. That, of course, is one reason why painting is a universal language; why, for example, we may not be able to understand Chinese but can nevertheless understand Chinese painting. The sculptor's method of expression is the same. In order to express and communicate his vision of the human or animal body, he must make

*I do not overlook the many cases of onomatopœia and other imitative effects in poetry; but they are exceptional, and serve to strengthen the thesis of the essential identity of the two arts.

something that in plastic shape is like a human or animal body.

This difference is, however, relatively superficial. For both poetry and the plastic arts seek to evoke an interesting world of ideas for the imagination; and the imitative forms of the painter and sculptor, like the words of the poet, are means to this end; they are signs, symbols—words, in the broad sense. The plastic arts are a sign language, where the signs bear some resemblance to the things which they signify. This resemblance may be very little—only as much as is necessary to convey the desired idea to the imagination. The important matter is the conveyance of the idea; and it may well happen that the few lines of a master draughtsman will convey an idea of an object, and communicate its life and value, far better than a detailed drawing that is more like it would do. Moreover, the imitative forms used as symbols by the artist are no more the ideas to be communicated than words are their meanings; they have to be lit up by the imagination, and it is the way that occurs, and not the degree of their resemblance to any object in nature, that is significant for beauty. Thus the few lines in the Odalisque of Ingres (fig. 12) are not the idea that you get of the woman; they are only elements in the idea, which have to be expanded by the imagination in order for you to get it, yet how tellingly that happens! More tellingly, surely, than if you had the most exact anatomical sketch.

A great deal of misunderstanding on this point has arisen because of the avowed conviction of all artists that they are expressing the 'truth' about nature. Oftentimes they have proclaimed that they and they alone were in the possession of this truth. The academic painters have always insisted on

this; but so have their opponents. The insurgents oppose tradition precisely on the ground that it does not follow nature closely enough. What other purpose did the plein-airists or the impressionists have than to create a more faithful image of what they saw? Their insistence on painting out-of-doors, their discoveries with reference to shadows, their experiments with color and light, all had the same intent. The revolution inaugurated by Giotto and continued by Masaccio was parallel in its significance. And even Cézanne declared that the painter must 'realize' his sensations.

It is difficult for the philosopher to argue with the artist on this matter, which seems to be almost a religion. And yet it must be insisted again that artistic truth cannot mean imitation. It is a simple psychophysical fact that it is impossible to reproduce exactly what is seen; the mere brightness of things cannot be reproduced, and that alters slightly all the other values of the picture. This one fact renders the goal of exact imitation irrational. What is considered 'correct' in drawing or painting is, for the most part—the word will out—a *convention.* It is one thing for a child and another for an adult; one thing for primitive man and another for us; one thing for the pre-Giottesque painting and another for the developed classic or academic style; one thing for that, another for impressionism; and still another for recent styles. And the artistic significance of these conventions has never been their accuracy, but their power to create for the imagination interesting dreams. Naturally I do not deny the part which observation has played in producing these conventions, but since no painter has ever been able to translate the results of observation into practice with entire

fidelity, either all art is a failure or else artistic truth must be something besides exactness.

Compare, for example, four paintings of the nude, representing four distinct styles, four distinct techniques: the Odalisque of the severely academic Ingres (fig. 12), where the figure is enclosed by a definite outline and sharply differentiated against the background, as no figure is actually seen to be, although it may be so thought to be; the Olympia of the early impressionist Manet (fig. 18), with its merging yet still clearly marked contours, where the figure interests us as a personality, but equally perhaps as a mass in a magnificent, perfect balance of shapes; the revolutionist Cézanne (fig. 19), with the seemingly distorted but decorative and vividly impressive figures, that have no existence by themselves but only as parts of a landscape to which they intimately belong; finally, the Renoir (fig. 20), where the figures are built up wholly of colors, with no obvious outlines, elements of the larger world of colors in which they are set, yet with all the plastic reality of life. Is any of these paintings more accurate than another? Can this question have any meaning for us? Each is beautiful in its unique fashion; is that not enough?

What, then, can be the truth which all artists say they are seeking? We can answer this question only if we keep in mind the fundamental nature of art as the expression of the imagination, and remember that the imagination itself exists for the sake of satisfying some wish or emotion. Emotion is, therefore, the basic thing in art, and what the painter and the sculptor are trying to do, above all things else, is to communicate the way they feel about things. If they make us feel toward their works much as we feel toward corresponding

real things, we say they have expressed the truth; if they make us feel differently, we say that their art is false. It is thus that sitters and their friends judge portraits. They never know as well as the artist does how they really look; but that is not important to them, but only that they should feel toward the portrait as they feel toward themselves or their friends. And in this respect the artist is like the common man; he too mistakes his personal way of feeling toward things for the truth. He is superior to the common man only in that his ways of feeling are new and powerful, and that he can communicate them to others. A work of plastic art is therefore true if it makes us dream an interesting dream; if it makes us feel toward some part of the world as we should like to feel, whether that feeling be new or old. Naturally nature must be the starting point for the dream, hence the importance of observation and copying for the practice of art; but nature is only the starting point; the dream is the goal. Cézanne gave the whole secret away when he said, "To read nature aright is to see it under the veil of interpretation by means of colored spots arranged according to a law of harmony."*

We may enforce our contention from another angle as follows: Even in ordinary perception, what we perceive is always a type,† a schematic condensation of the object, enabling us to use and recognize it; never its whole possibilities for perception. We perceive only as much as interests us.

* "Lire la nature, c'est la voir sous la voile de l'interprétation par taches colorées se succédant selon une loi d'harmonie." And also, "Peindre d'après nature, ce n'est pas copier l'objectif, c'est realiser ses sensations." Émile Bernard, "Souvenirs sur Paul Cézanne," in *Mercure de France,* Oct. 1, 1907.

† Compare W. B. Pillsbury, "The Rôle of the Type in Simple Mental Processes," in *Philosophical Review,* vol. XX, no. 5.

Fig. 19. The Bathers, by Paul Cézanne

Collection of Walter C. Arensberg

Photograph from *The Development of Modern Art,* by Julius Meier-Graefe, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

Fig. 20. Women Bathing, by Pierre Auguste Renoir

Bernheim Collection, Paris

When we perceive a friend we notice enough of him in order to recognize him, but not usually every detail of his garments or visage. It takes a special effort of the attention to observe all of this detail. Sometimes, of course, the artist is the one who makes this effort and notices things which ordinary observation overlooks. Velazquez's Philip IV (fig. 21) offers to our eyes delicate shades of coloring which we probably never would have observed if we had seen his model; yet even so the artist's vision was as selective as ours; for he noticed these tints because he was responsive to colors and their possible harmonies, and colors that would not fit into these harmonies were ignored. It is not correct to assert, as Roger Fry does,* that practical interests are more highly selective than artistic; both are selective, only the principle of selection is different. Schematic or free representation in art has, therefore, a double justification: first, it is parallel to the schematic character of ordinary perception, and, second, it conforms to the fundamental nature of art as an expression not of things, but of their values, so far as these can be realized in the imagination. Some painters have prided themselves on their ability to reproduce every feature of an object; but this is impossible, and even if it were possible, it would be a tribute rather to their skill than to their sense of beauty. A free treatment may often tell us more of the values of things than the minutiæ of photographic reproduction. Painting is a language which fulfils its function when it creates in the spectator's mind an interesting dream of nature, no matter how fragmentary, free, or even eccentric be the imitative forms which it employs as symbols to this end.

All the points that I have been trying to make are em-

* Roger Fry, *Vision and Design*, p. 20.

bodied in this citation from Van Gogh,* where he describes his own procedure in painting. "Instead of trying to render exactly what I have before my eyes, I use color more arbitrarily, in order to express myself strongly. For example, I wish to make a portrait of an artist friend who dreams great dreams, who works as the nightingale sings, because that is his nature. That man will be blond. I shall want to put into the picture the love I have for him. I shall therefore paint him just as he is, as faithfully as I can, to begin with. But the picture is not finished thus. In order to finish it I am going to be an arbitrary colorist. I exaggerate the blond of his hair. I reach orange tones, chrome, pale lemon. Behind his head, instead of painting the banal wall of my poor apartment, I paint the infinite. I make a simple background of blue, the richest, the most intense I can create, and by this simple combination, the blond head lit by the rich blue background, I obtain an effect mysterious as a star in the azure profound." Notice how perception becomes the starting point for a free creation of the imagination, under the control of emotion. Notice also how the design of the picture is not something arbitrarily superposed, but itself a development of the dominant mood; for it is clear that Van Gogh's choice of his chief color chord, upon which the color scheme of the picture depended, was determined by the emotion he was expressing.

With the points already established as premises, I wish to offer a somewhat extended analysis of the beauty of plastic art, with special reference to painting. Although I shall not

* Translated from the citation in Julius Meier-Graefe, *The Development of Modern Art*, vol. I, p. 209.

Fig. 21. Philip IV, by Velazquez
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 22. Sleeping Venus, by Giorgione
National Gallery, Dresden

make a detailed analysis of the beauty of sculpture, I shall make references to it for purposes of comparison.

Although beauty is a single feeling, without parts or elements that we are aware of, it is useful, for the purposes of analysis, to represent this feeling as a sum of values corresponding to the discriminable sources of value in a work of art. For the art of painting the elements of this sum may be presented schematically as follows:

Values in Painting

1 Musical values—Values of color and line as such

2 Values in representation

- a Plastic values
  - space
  - light
  - motion
  - texture
  - weight
- b Spiritual values

3 Values of design.

First, the musical values. Just as any poem, when you abstract from its meaning, may be regarded as a pattern of words, so every painting, when you abstract from representation, may be considered as a pattern of colors and lines. The colors and lines have a twofold function, first, to be beautiful on their own account, apart from representation, and, second, to have beauty through representation. The beauty of colors and lines as such I call musical beauty because, like the beauty of absolute music, it is a beauty in sensation alone, and is untranslatable into words or ideas. Now the first thing to ask oneself in estimating the worth of a picture is this: Are the colors and lines beautiful just as mere colors and

lines? Do they make interesting and original patterns and harmonies comparable to the melodies and harmonies of music? And unless the picture contains distinctive music of color or line or both, cast it aside; no matter how noble or significant be the subject, it is no picture.* This, then, is the first layer of beauty in a picture.

That color has musical beauty needs no proof for one who has looked with pleasure on the pure color of stained glass or oriental carpets. It is true that in painting this intrinsic musical value is fused with a value in representation; the color blue, for example, besides its own value as blue, may have an additional value as the blue of the sky; yet the two values are separable, and we may thrill to the color for itself alone. Not only has the hue a value as such, but the brightness, like the corresponding 'brightness' of a musical tone, and the saturation, like the darkness of deep tones, also. We cannot put into words precisely what is expressed through color, but neither can we communicate in language what a musical motif means, yet its meaning we all feel and proclaim. Language, even poetical language, can express only feelings that are definitely referred to objects or illumined by ideas; it cannot express the inarticulate and dumb delicacies of emotion aroused by pure tone and color. Language

* The distinction I make between musical and plastic values is not usual, for color and line are more often grouped with the plastic values, as, for example, by A. C. Barnes in his *The Art in Painting*. But I believe my use of the term plastic is nearer the etymological and proper meaning of *shaped, moulded,* which has an obvious reference to things, rather than to such abstractions as color and line. Moreover, as I try to show later on, some elements of representation are necessary to plastic values, which is not, of course, true of the values of color and line. I have already made use of the phrase 'musical value' with reference to color and line value in my *Principles of Æsthetics,* 1920, pp. 255, 275, in particular.

is flagrantly incompetent to characterize the complex harmonies of a great colorist. Nevertheless, genuine differences in our way of feeling toward differences in color are conveyed when we say that, in general, the reds and yellows are warm and passionate, and the blues and greens cool and reticent; that brightness is exciting and its absence quieting; that saturation gives emotional depth to a color, while the relative absence of it makes a color superficial (compare dark blues or reds, with light blues and pinks, or purple with lavender!); that red is a passionate color, blue is earnest, yellow is happy; that a varied palette is stimulating, as in Monet, while monochrome is sedative.

The emotional expressiveness of color—what Goethe called its *sinnlich-sittlich** character—is not easy to explain. There are two chief hypotheses: one that it is due to association, the other that it is the result of some direct effect of the stimulus upon the neuromuscular and neuroglandular systems, which we now know to be the bodily seats of the emotions. Thus, according to the first theory, the reticence of blue would be due to the fact that blue is the color of the unattainable sky, the emotional effect being transferred from the object to the color and then generalized; the character of yellow would be due to the fact that it is the color of sunlight, and so on. While I do not deny that association plays a part in determining the *stimmung* of colors, I believe that the direct effect of the stimulus upon the body plays a greater part. The light stimulus not only affects the sensory apparatus of the brain, where it causes a sensation of color, but overflows into muscular and glandular paths, producing some slight deviation from equilibrium there, the conscious aspect

* Goethe, *Farbenlehre.*

of which is a feeling. Being diffuse and vague, and not being connected with any conscious wish, this feeling seems not so much to be one's own, as to belong to the stimulus upon which it is suffused.

That lines also have an emotional effect as mere lines, independent of their function to represent objects, is a commonplace of æsthetic theory and is well known to all lovers of art. Let any one try to analyze the grounds for the intense beauty of a Greek vase painting, a Rembrandt etching, a drawing by Beardsley, a picture by Ingres or Botticelli, and he will discover that it is caused very largely, if not chiefly, by the mere quality of the lines as such. As with colors or tones, it is impossible to express this quality in words. It has the same mysteriousness that the personality of the artist himself possesses, of which it is the symbol and signature. Nevertheless, every one would agree that, in general, horizontal lines express repose, as in the Sleeping Venus of Giorgione (fig. 22); vertical lines, dignity, solemnity, aspiration, as in Puvis de Chavannes (fig. 16); crooked lines, conflict, as in Delacroix's Abduction of Rebecca (fig. 23), while curved lines give a feeling of life and motion, as in Botticelli (fig. 24). Special combinations of these types of lines are familiar also, as the rounded, voluptuous curves of Renoir (figs. 20 and 31), or the vertical, but curving and aspiring lines of El Greco (fig. 15).

The character which lines have as mere lines depends upon the process called *Einfühlung* or 'empathy': the attentive perception of a line involves certain activities of mind and states of body which, because they are very vague and are not definitely connected with the conscious instincts and wishes of the perceiver, are felt to belong to the line itself rather than

Fig. 23. The Abduction of Rebecca, by Eugène Delacroix

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 24. The Birth of Venus, by Botticelli

Uffizi

to him. Thus, in attending to a line, we begin somewhere and end elsewhere; there is a motion of the attention that is appreciated as the line's own motion; and, according as this motion is easy or difficult, varied or monotonous, the felt character of the line will vary.* Moreover, lines suggest to us motions of our bodies in similar paths; we may even seem, in the imagination, to run or skate or float or drive or sail along them, and we associate with them the 'feel' of these motions.† Lines also suggest to us the attitudes or contours of our bodies, and so may seem to stand or lie, fall or lean or rise, be graceful or awkward, austere or sensuous, light or heavy. There is finally what I have called the 'technical' interpretation of lines. Seeing a line makes us imagine ourselves making it, and we feel, and feel into it, the mastery, ease, delicacy, or vigor which it suggests.

Despite the importance of the musical values, they are neither sufficient for painting, nor are they the characteristic values of painting. Considered as a mere color and line harmony, a painting is no more beautiful than a Persian silk rug of the sixteenth century. In addition to the musical values, there must therefore be values in representation, that is to say, values that belong to the *meanings* of the colors and lines, to the dream of nature which they evoke in the imagination. Most fundamental of these are the so-called 'plastic' values—values inherent in the 'primary' or universal and constant, as opposed to the 'secondary' or individual and varying, properties of natural things. For art, the most important of these primary qualities are space, with its three

* Compare Lipps, *Grundlegung der Ästhetik,* vol. 2, chap. 7.

† See G. M. Stratton, "Eye Movements and the Æsthetics of Visual Form," in *Philosophische Studien,* vol. XX.

components of distance, volume, and plasticity, light,* motion, texture, and weight. They provide the fundamental structure, the skeleton, as it were, without which there is no picture, or, for that matter, no nature either. For, in spite of the personal and creative character of works of the plastic arts—a character on which I would place the greatest emphasis—they have, nevertheless, as visions of nature, certain features in common with nature herself. Having their starting point in perception, even dreams cannot fail to have some at least of the elements characteristic of waking experience. And unless the painter's dream does contain some of the primary qualities enumerated, it will not be able to do what all artistic dreams should do—'convince' us. Obviously, these qualities cannot be literally in a picture, which contains only colors and lines. In a two-dimensional object, only the semblance or meaning of distance, volume, and plasticity can exist; in a static object, only the semblance of motion; in something purely visual, only the illusion of texture. But since a work of art exists for the imagination primarily, it is not necessary that the primary (or 'plastic') elements be actually present in the picture, so long as the meaning or semblance of them is there; indeed, if all of them were there, it would cease to be a work of art and would become reality. The devices by means of which the artist creates, through the media of color and line alone, the illusion of distance, plasticity, volume of space, light, texture, and motion, are too familiar to be recounted here; they belong, moreover, rather to the technical than to the æsthetic part of our theme.

But the artist, as aiming always at the expression of feeling,

* Light is not usually counted as a primary quality, but surely it deserves to be; perhaps, according to recent researches, it is the most primary of all.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 25. Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci

Louvre

is not interested even in the primary qualities of nature for their own sake, but only so far as they are embodiments of emotion. And the primary qualities do have, as a matter of fact, values of their own, hence the significance of the term, plastic *values*. Moreover, they have these values independently of the particular things in which they are embodied. Thus distance, be it the distance of a house from a pool or a tree from a river; volume of space, be it the spaciousness of an Italian piazza or of a deep valley; texture, whether of cloud or of cloth; light, whether the light that shines on a hillside or reflected from a face; each for itself has its own intrinsic value as such. And being interested in these plastic values, the artist may become relatively indifferent to the values of concrete, particular things, or he may be interested in them merely as carriers of plastic values. The primary qualities of *things*, with their plastic values, must, furthermore, be distinguished from the spiritual meanings and values of a work of art, by which are meant, of course, the meanings that refer to mind and human life, as distinguished from nature—the literary, poetic, historical, religious, or psychographic content that the picture or statue may contain. For example, all that Pater or Muther found in the face of the Mona Lisa (fig. 25) was what I am calling a spiritual meaning, to be distinguished from the plasticity of the face or the distance in the background; or in Rembrandt's Old Woman Cutting Her Nails (fig. 26), the profound revelation of the inner life there is again a spiritual value, to be distinguished from the light and modeling. This distinction corresponds, of course, to the distinction generally made between 'plastic' and 'human' values.

In a picture, the most important plastic values are those of

space. The representation of distance, especially distance in deep space, has its own characteristic value. The distant thing is the thing to be moved toward, and hence the sought for and longed for; if beyond reach, it carries the quality of mystery belonging to all things unattainable. This feeling is especially emphatic with regard to vistas that seem to end nowhere. Here plainly are emotional meanings that depend upon attitudes and feelings that are probably universal. Size (distance between bounding points of single objects) has also its obvious emotional significance, whether (in relation to the perceiver's body as a standard) large, and therefore, 'grand' or 'huge,' or small, and therefore, perhaps 'charming'—*niedlich* or *mignon*. What is called 'space' in painting is, however, something rather more than mere distance and size. For distance is from one point to another, whereas by 'space' is meant the whole perceived system of points, the volume or whole which they form. No one distance is singled out for special attention, but all distances, radiating from the perceiver as a center, are appreciated at once, in a vague way. The most distant points are the most important, as defining the limits of the system; they make a sort of shell or envelope within which the perceiver feels himself contained, either restrained there or expanded. To each of these points he has an impulse to move, and when he does not actually move to them, the impulse is felt to be, not in his own body merely, but in the intervening space connecting him and them, filling it up and making it almost alive with the possibilities of movement within it. And the specific sort of feeling that we thus get will depend upon the size and shape and filling of the space—whether it is large and roomy, or small, hence "cribbed, cabined and confined"; whether it is domi-

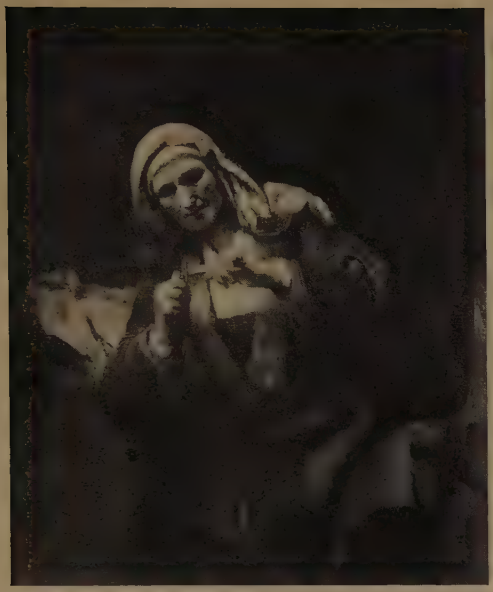


Fig. 26. Old Woman Cutting Her Nails
by Rembrandt
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Hanfstaengl

Fig. 27. Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, by Claude Lorrain
National Gallery, London

nantly longitudinal, inviting forward movements, or dominantly vertical, as under the high dome of a Renaissance church, when it solicits upward movements; whether, finally, it is full of objects that impede and interfere with movement, or empty and hence free.* Now, of course, we are not actually 'in' the space of a picture, as we are in the space of a room or a valley, but we nevertheless are there, in the imagination—it is 'as if' we were there. Among early masters, we get the feeling of volume of space most vividly from Piero della Francesca, Francia, Perugino, and Raphael, as in the Marriage of the Virgin, in Milan (fig. 28). With them, the feeling is predominantly of open space, but painting may represent confined space as well, as in 'interiors.' The emotional effect of an interior, say one of Chardin's (fig. 29), especially if it be a small one, is interestingly different from that of a vast stretch of space. There is a bit of agoraphobia—fear of open spaces—in all of us; it goes back to the habits of animals which feel themselves safer when under cover; hence the coziness of small interiors, and the majesty and mystery—always akin to fear—of vast open spaces. One of the chief limitations of sculpture in the round is its inability to represent space, in the sense of 'spaciousness.' Of plasticity I shall have something to say presently.

Almost equally important with the representation of space is the representation of the light or darkness that pervades space. In painting, light appears either as something filtered through space, as in Claude Lorrain (fig. 27), or as concentrated upon or reflected from objects, as in Rembrandt. Universal are the sources of feeling aroused by light or the illu-

* Compare B. Berenson, *Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance,* chap. XII.

sion of light. We know that light has a direct quickening and darkness a direct quieting effect upon mental processes; that in the light men feel relatively secure and at home, while in the dark they are uneasy and afraid; and we know that these feelings vary with the intensity of light or darkness and the time of day, the freshness of morning or the peace of evening. Special emotional effects are produced by moonlight, as in Blakelock, where light pervades but does not dispel darkness, or by a light emerging out of darkness, as candle-light or firelight, so skilfully handled by Rembrandt.

Very important for the popular estimates of pictures, and for those who place emphasis upon tactile values, are the plasticity and texture of objects. That the appreciation of texture depends upon the visual anticipation of touch is evident. Now of all the senses, touch is perhaps closest to the springs of feeling; for the instinctive appropriation of things depends upon contact and seizure. Of course actual contact with things is opposed to the æsthetic attitude, which provides an imaginative, not a real, satisfaction of instinct; but imaginative contact is precisely what art provides when texture is represented. And very delicate nuances of feeling may be aroused by the imaginative appreciation of the tactile qualities of things. Yet for all the beauty in the representation of the qualities of silks and satins and the fiber of oriental rugs achieved by Dutch and Venetian painters (see Vermeer's Girl Asleep, fig. 30), this is not the most important value of painting. It is not so important as the expression of our feelings toward space, color, and light.

I should say much the same of the representation of the plasticity—three-dimensionality, 'roundness'—of objects. That this, too, depends very largely, although not wholly,

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 28. The Marriage of the Virgin, by Raphael

Brera

upon anticipations of touch has been well known since Berkeley published his *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision.* Our feeling of the reality of pictured things is greatly enhanced when their plasticity is emphatically portrayed; they look so real, as we say, that we could almost touch them. And it is because people like this almost tactile conviction of reality in art that they make so much of plasticity in painting. Yet their point of view is a naïve one. It is a more civilized attitude to accept things as real on the testimony of vision and not to insist on contact. Moreover, when the full plasticity of objects is rendered in a picture, they tend to stand out by themselves too emphatically; whereas when seen in their relations, they tend to flatten out.* There is, therefore, justification for a somewhat flat rendering of objects by the painter. And despite the example of some of the great painters of the Florentine Renaissance, it remains true that the exploitation of the tactile values of the human body belongs more distinctively to sculpture than to painting. Even Michelangelo's paintings give one the feeling that they were copies of sculpture rather than paintings on their own account. Nevertheless, when, as in Giorgione and Renoir, plasticity is achieved chiefly by means of color itself, and the intimacy of the relation of the figure to the background is preserved, plasticity becomes a quality of great interest in giving to the dream of the painter a piquant semblance of reality.

Plasticity and texture, as qualities of the body, are, as we have said, plastic values of primary importance in sculpture. By the plasticity of the body I mean, of course, its roundness, its three-dimensional volume, the space we live in inside of our skins. This space which the body fills is the only space in

* See the writer's *Principles of Æsthetics,* p. 272.

sculpture in the round; there is no other space, no background as there is in painting. The appreciation of the space of our bodies is partly mediated by touch, the touch of our clothes or the enveloping air, the touch of our fingers; but more fundamentally through such processes as breathing or other internal, kinæsthetic senses, which give us a direct experience of the volume of the human body. And it is no exaggeration to say that we appreciate sculpture as much by breathing as by sight; for there is no satisfactory sculpture that does not suggest to the imagination a vivid feeling for what is perhaps the most primitive experience of the body, its volume: in the imagination we breathe inside of it and touch its surface. The importance of texture in sculpture is twofold: either the 'feel' of the material, marble or bronze or what not, or the illusion of the feel of the surface of the body as we appreciate it imaginatively. The statue should look as if it felt like the body. Still another important value of sculpture is what I would call 'pose.' Pose is the attitude of the body, its 'set-up' or equilibrium, which we appreciate through our muscles and tendons and organs of equilibrium. This, of course, is only imaginatively appreciated in sculpture; but it may be very vividly realized there. In Houdon's Bather (fig. 32) all the artistically significant aspects of the human body are plastically realized. How intensely we feel the pulsing, breathing volume, the firm texture of the skin, the fine poise! These values of volume, of texture, of pose, may also be given by paintings of the human body, especially the nude figure, as for example in the Ingres, or in Renoir's Girl Arranging Her Chemise (fig. 31); only less vividly, as the shadow to the substance.

Since painting and sculpture are static arts, motion is al-

Photograph by Hanfstaengl

Fig. 29. The Blessing, by Jean Baptiste Chardin

Louvre

Fig. 30. A Girl Asleep, by Johannes Vermeer

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

ways a meaning or semblance there, never a perceived element. The creation of the illusion depends upon two chief factors: a special quality of line, as line, and the representation of *things* in such a way as to suggest that they are in motion. Both of these factors are finely illustrated in Botticelli's Birth of Venus (fig. 24). The lines of the two figures that are blowing Venus to shore, as mere lines, quite independent of what they represent, are intensely kinetic by reason of their sharp undulations; but they get their swiftness from what they represent: garments fluttering in the wind, agitated limbs, flying hair, all in a direction opposite to the faces. As we intuit it in a picture, motion is no mere conceptual meaning; for we feel it with our bodies as well as apprehend it with our minds. That the feeling of motion is a value does not need argument in our age of the automobile. Its presence in painting and sculpture, while universally recognized, is not always approved for the latter art. The disapproval rests on the feeling that the inertia of the sculptor's materials is out of harmony with the expression of motion; that it is compatible only with poses that are stable and lasting. But this feeling seems to me to be based on a fundamental confusion between the physical and the æsthetic object; the physical object is inert, but as re-created in the imagination, it may be alive with the most volatile or momentary movement, as in the Victory of Samothrace or the Dance of Carpeaux (fig. 33).

The significance of weight in the plastic arts is not so clear. In painting it plays, I believe, a very subordinate part. Of course painting must represent things which have weight, since all things in nature have weight. Yet I doubt if weight as such enters into the pattern of a picture; the fact that one

thing, like a house, is heavier than another, say a man, gives the former no advantage in pictorial balance. In painting, lines are kinematical, they move, they are swift or slow, they have direction, but they are not mechanical, they do not carry any load; shapes are volatilized; they move as in a dream, exerting no pressure and offering no resistance. We know, of course, that if a body stands on the ground, it exerts pressure there, and that the earth exerts the same force in the opposite direction, and we can read such information into the figures of a painting, if we desire; but this knowledge is of no consequence for the apprehension of its beauty, and the painter takes no account of it in his design. The painter gives merely the show of things and leaves their substance behind. Langfeld* offers some examples of how the painter eliminates the feeling of weight; yet he offers others which he supposes to create that feeling. But his interpretation is, I think, in every case mistaken, and results from the confusion of what we know about a thing with what the artist actually offers to imaginative feeling. Even when, as I have said, a figure like Pollaiuolo's David is represented standing on the earth, with feet and toes firmly planted there, although we know that the corresponding real body would exert pressure, no pressure is felt to be exerted in the picture. I do not deny that weight is sometimes present in a picture; it is present in paintings like Michelangelo's Cumæan Sibyl (fig. 34), where painting is under the influence of sculpture, but even there it is rather an attribute of single elements than a factor in design. In architecture weight is, of course, an important attribute: the lines there are mechanical; they carry and resist loads; but it is notable that in paintings of build-

* Herbert S. Langfeld, *The Æsthetic Attitude*, pp. 150 *et seq.*

Fig. 31. Girl Arranging Her Chemise, by Pierre Auguste Renoir

Collection of Josef Stransky

Fig. 32. The Bather, by Jean Antoine Houdon

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 33. The Dance, by Jean Baptiste Carpeaux

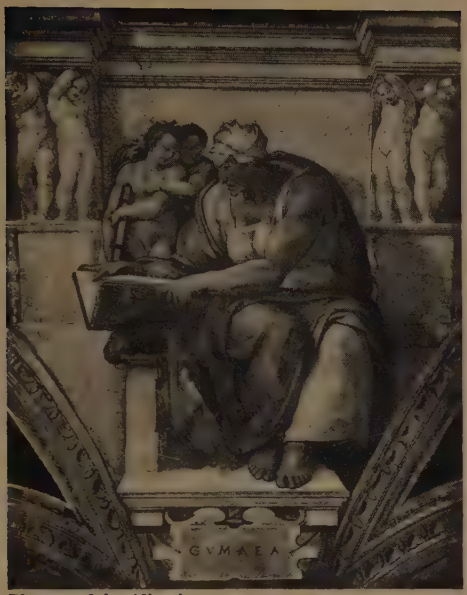
Plaster in the Louvre

ings—like Monet's Rheims Cathedral—weight is mostly absent; matter is transmuted into an aërial play of color and light. In sculpture, also, weight is important; partly the weight of the material—compare porcelain with marble or bronze—and partly the semblant weight of the things represented. The semblance of heaviness in Michelangelo's female figures is undoubtedly a factor in their impressiveness, just as the seeming lightness of the figures in Carpeaux's Dance is an element in their grace.

Whenever the possibilities of an art are complex, there is a tendency for a rivalry among them to arise; a vivid feeling for one is likely to make impossible an equally vivid feeling for the others. Various types of plastic art arise through the emphasis upon one or another element of value. Thus in Byzantine painting color was everything. There was no representation of deep space, or of light and shade, or of the plastic reality of things, but only a grouping of rhythmically disposed figures, symbolizing some theme of sacred legend, deployed upon a background of gold. Yet for all their simplicity, the best Byzantine work produces an effect of overwhelming beauty. Another type of painting would be represented by Botticelli, where line becomes equally everything, with color and space clearly subordinate. In such painting as Signorelli's Pan (fig. 35), the sculpturesque, tactile values of plastic form assume first place. With Piero della Francesca and others, the dominant value is that of space. Such abstract types of painting are clearly distinguished from the synthetic types, where all the values of painting are realized, as, for example, by Giorgione, Titian, Rubens, Velazquez, and Renoir. The synthetic type is usually judged to be the highest, for there the whole of nature with all man's

responses is expressed. Nevertheless, it is a fundamental law in the theory of value that, although a whole is of greater value than any of its components, something is lost when an element combines with others—precisely a certain individual effectiveness. For this reason, albeit the achievement of the masters of abstract painting is a smaller one, it is unique, and in its way incomparable and unapproachable. Thus, in its perfection, there is nothing more beautiful than Byzantine art, and because no one of the Florentines except Giotto achieved an equal perfection, painting suffered a fall up to the time of the great Venetians, despite the enrichment of the resources of the art through the technical discoveries of the intervening years. And it is quite inept to assert that any one type of abstract painting is superior to another.

In sculpture, also, the emphasis upon one or another of the musical or plastic values creates distinctive abstract types. From this point of view, the most important values in sculpture are line, texture, movement, and light. Neo-classical sculpture is emphatically a line type of sculpture. Since repose was regarded as essential to good sculpture, motion was eliminated; since, as has often been observed, the surfaces of the statues were polished, the tactile values of the texture of the human body were also eliminated, and only the tactile values of the material remain; and, although there is a gleam on the smooth surface, there is no play of light. Everything depends upon grace of line and clarity of outline. The statue is almost as beautiful in a photograph as in the original. Any work of Leighton, Thorwaldsen, or Canova (fig. 37) will illustrate this type. Examples of sculpture which appeal with equal exclusiveness to the sense of movement are rare, but Rude's Marseillaise is perhaps such a one. There the lines



Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 34. The Cumæan Sibyl, by Michelangelo
Sistine Chapel, Rome

Photogravure with permission of the Berlin Photographic Company
R. Lesch, New York

Fig. 35. Pan, by Signorelli
Kaiser Friedrich Museum

are rather confused and are effective only by giving the impression of agitated motion, and the figures, being draped, are almost devoid of tactile quality. There are, of course, plenty of statues that appeal strongly to our sense of motion, but, like the Dance of Carpeaux, they usually offer something to the appreciation of the tactile values of bodily texture also. Of the sculpture that reveals the beauty of light in its relation to the human body, Bernini (fig. 36) is the great exemplar; he occupies in the art of sculpture the same position that Rembrandt, that other great artist of baroque decadence, occupies in painting. The synthetic type, which makes balanced use of all plastic values, is illustrated by MacMonnies' Bacchante (fig. 4); here are clarity and grace of line, movement, the touch of the human body, plasticity and pose, yet no one of them forces itself upon the attention to the exclusion of the others. Nevertheless, as was observed with regard to painting, there is a unique value in emphasis and selection; not even a Greek statue ever gave the effects of light of a Bernini.

The central problem today in the æsthetics of the plastic arts is how far the artist may profitably go in the way of abstracting from representation altogether, or in employing eccentric forms of representation, thereby sacrificing some plastic values, for the sake of a more striking expression of musical values of color or line. It is now generally recognized by intelligent students of art that distortion, while characteristic of modernist movements, is not absent from the great work of the past, as almost any Botticelli or El Greco attests, where the normal shapes of things are sacrificed for effects of pure line. One might attempt to defend distortion on the ground that, as we have noticed, it is impossible fully to re-

produce our impressions of nature anyway—what is called accuracy of representation being only a convention—and that therefore, since the door to departure from realism is opened a little way, there is no reason why it should not be opened all the way, for artistic ends. Moreover, every abstract type of plastic art requires distortion in the large sense of departure from the usual perception of things: a drawing in black and white cannot look like the corresponding real object; neither can a Byzantine painting that neglects space and plasticity for color and spiritual symbolism. But the principle involved may be stated more fundamentally as follows: art is never reality, nor is it ever the mere representation of reality as such; it is an expression, for the imagination, of the values of reality. Hence although there can be no expression of value without some intimation of the character of the object valued, and therefore some representation (for in the plastic arts, values are always the values of this or that), nevertheless only so much of a suggestion of the object is necessary as is requisite for the expression of its value. This principle, I hope, was clearly established in the early part of this chapter. If, therefore, one gets the peculiar feeling for the human body characteristic, say, of a Picasso or a Cézanne, despite—nay, because of—the distortions, they are legitimized; but if on the other hand, as in some cubist work, all feeling for the human body, of whatever kind, is utterly destroyed or has failed of communication, there is, I should say, an element of genuine ugliness. It is useless to make answer that there was no intention to convey such a feeling; that the human body is just a scaffolding for the play of lines and planes; because, in the best art, there is no mere scaffolding, but everything adds to the value of the

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 36. Saint Theresa in Ecstasy, by Giovanni Bernini

S. Maria della Vittoria, Rome

Fig. 37. Cupid and Psyche, by Antonio Canova

Louvre

whole. The best cubist work, on the other hand, is an effort to reveal certain abstract aspects of *the particular things* represented, and preserves the values of those things intact. Cubism is the perfect form when the lines and planes selected are the aspects of the object in which its emotional essence is concentrated and revealed.

The last step in the direction of emphasis upon the musical values of the plastic arts, is the attempted elimination of representation altogether. This has been viewed as the inevitable goal of plastic art, toward which its whole history has striven.* But by no principle of theory nor by any fact of æsthetic interest can such a view be justified. The imaginative expression of the plastic values of particular things, through the medium of color and line, which has been the traditional purpose of painting and sculpture, is an æsthetic interest which no dogma can disestablish. Even such radicals as Cézanne and Van Gogh, as is clear from their own utterances and the testimony of their works, aimed to paint the concrete things they loved, the people and the country which were theirs. It is, of course, axiomatic that without the beauty of color and line there is no picture or statue; but only when, along with this musical beauty, there is, in addition, penetrating and fused with it, an expression of the plastic values of particular things, such as a human body, a landscape, or a face, does the work of art achieve its unique task. But non-representative art sacrifices all the plastic values, even so essential a value as space. For by the very nature of space perception it is impossible to intuit space without some intuition, however vague, of particular things in space; space is a relation of things, not anything by itself. The intuition of

* See Willard H. Wright, *Modern Painting*, 1915.

particular things may be very vague, but some intuition there must be. Hence pure color or line painting fails to fulfil one of the distinctive offices of painting—the representation of space. The expression of the values of motion, weight, and texture is also impossible without some, however slight, indication of particular things. How much richer in meaning is a picture that retains representation and plastic values than one which sacrifices them! Compare, for example, a Cézanne landscape (fig. 1) with Duchamp's Nude Descending the Stairs (fig. 70), where representation is reduced to a minimum. If for no other reason than this, the traditional conception of painting is secure. Naturally, I do not deny beauty to the pure color paintings of a Wright or a Kandinsky, only theirs is not the unique beauty of painting.*

Modernist types of sculpture sacrifice realism of representation for the sake chiefly of abstract values of line, pose, and motion. In doing so they develop suggestions which the body itself provides. For in the matter of line alone, there are no more beautiful curves, as mere curves, than those of the human body; what a temptation to make them smoother, either rounder or straighter, for the sake of sheer abstract beauty! How closely, for example, Maillol (fig. 38)—and more boldly Brancusi—has followed the suggestions of the body in making its curves more geometrically round. And we must not forget when judging this work, that when the Greeks made one straight line of the brow and the nose (fig. 71), they were doing the same thing—distorting for the sake of abstract value of line. And for that matter, no statue has exactly the shape of the human body; it is simpler and clearer in line, firmer and stronger in pose. What has been

* Compare A. C. Barnes, *The Art in Painting*, pp. 252 *et seq.*

done beautifully for abstract line can also be done for motion and pose, as by Herzog and Wauer, Archipenko, Lipchitz, and again Maillol. For when rhythmically treated, mere abstract pose and motion, with just the slightest suggestion of the human body, may express and convey genuine emotion. But some suggestion of the body, some lingering bit of representation there must be, or we cease to have sculpture, which is a celebration of the beauty of the human body; and whatever else we may have has as yet no name.

The contrast so frequently made by critics between 'plastic' and so-called 'human' values has been useful in the criticism of incompetent or purely academic and technical work, but the contrast has been pushed too far. For, philosophically speaking, even plastic values are, after all, human, since they are the expression of human feeling; and the mere representation of the plastic qualities of reality, without communication of their emotional meanings, is no more fine art than a mechanical drawing is fine art. Moreover, other things being equal, that artist is the greater who can express and communicate the larger world of values; hence a painter who is able to express, without neglect of plastic values, poetic and psychographic values as well, is a greater painter than one who expresses plastic values alone. That a painter may also be a poet, in the sense of expressing to the imagination values religious, dramatic, and social, reaching beyond the visible world, and without detriment to his eminence as a plastic artist, is proved by the roll call of those who are admitted by all to be the greatest painters: Giotto, Giorgione, Titian, Velazquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Renoir. Is Giorgione's Tempest less a picture because it is poetical? Or Titian's Francis I because it is a subtle delineation of the inner life? The con-

tent of a work of art, I must insist, is its total offering to the imagination: the musical values of color or line, the plastic values of space and texture and motion and pose, the specific values of the particular things represented, and the spiritual values further suggested. And since the imagination of the painter is a unity, so that if he is a poet he will see his visions in terms of color and line and space, it is no accident that the great poets among the painters have also been the great painters among painters. For who were the most profound poets among the painters? Among them were surely Giotto, Giorgione, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velazquez, Claude, Watteau, Van Gogh, Renoir —not the least of the painter's painters. To this list should be added some of the great Byzantine artists, supreme colorists and incomparable poets of the religious experience. Moreover, inferiority in plastic values usually goes hand in hand with inferiority in purely pictorial values. If the Pre-Raphaelites were third-rate painters, well, they were at least second-rate poets in painting: compare the imagination of a Rossetti or a Burne-Jones with that of a Giorgione. Böcklin, a second-rate painter, created an interesting mythology of the sea, but compare his Water Nymphs at Play (fig. 39) with Raphael's Galatea (fig. 40)!

Since an entire chapter has been devoted to the general subject of design, a very brief consideration of the fourth and final source of value in plastic art will suffice. The ability to create an interesting dream of nature and to endow it with spiritual values no more makes a painter than the having of interesting ideas makes a poet; even as the ideas of the poet must be arranged in a pattern, so the intuitions of the painter must be given design. And this design must be carried through

Fig. 38. Woman Crouching, by Aristide Maillol

Collection of A. C. Goodyear

Photogravure by Bruckmann

Fig. 39. Water Nymphs at Play, by Arnold Böcklin

Basel

all the elements of the work of art; there must be no empty or unrelated spots. Everything in the picture must either echo or stand in significant contrast with its dominant mood, as everything in the Embarkation for Cytherea (fig. 5)—not only the dainty figures and their actions, but the colors and lines and setting of landscape—expresses the lightness and gaiety of the rococo. The colors must be keyed to some one of them, or to some chord of two or three, which may then be richly embroidered in accordance with the laws of variation and balance. The lines likewise will make a pattern, built upon some selected one as a theme, and the distances, whether of surface or of volume, will be divided into rhythmic intervals. Even the light and shade, the filled and open spaces, will balance. A work of plastic art is a patterned dream of nature.

Now obviously a patterned image of reality must depart from our ordinary impressions of nature as poetry and song deviate from speech. In nature, as ordinarily perceived, there are patterns, chance harmonies of color and line and space, even as our normal speech has its rhythms and melodies; but just as the rhythm and melody of a song or a poem are more complete and pervasive, so are the patterns of a picture as compared with nature. In a picture, every line, color, and element of space enters into and coöperates to make the design. What in nature is fortuitous and partial, in art is deliberate and elaborate. And for the sake of this harmony, every element in the work of art may depart more or less from literal fidelity to perception. The color will not be quite the same as the local color, the outline will be more definite and incisive, or may be actually distorted, while even the shapes and sizes and relative distances, both in the plane and in the

relations of the planes to one another in space, may be altered. And yet, when the picture is skilfully constructed, there is no more loss of the feeling of naturalness than there is in poetry and song, except in the mind of the literalist, for whom poetry and song are also unintelligible and 'unnatural.'

Among the four sources of value distinguished, there is a hierarchy. Most indispensable is the last, design. Unless a picture have design, no amount of significance in the parts can make it beautiful. And design is not something to be appreciated by mere intellectual analysis, but by a very definite and positive feeling of wholeness and belonging-togetherness, of harmony, which may exist in greater or less degree. It is present in less degree, for example, in the beautiful Renoir from the Bernheim Collection (fig. 20) than in Fragonard's Bathers (fig. 42) in the Louvre, where the figures are more closely interwoven with the water.* Next in importance to design are the musical values of color and line, without either one of which, again, there can be no picture. But, with the exception of the recent forms of pure color and line art, painting must contain something more, namely, a vision of nature, which if it is to convince us, must embody some at least of the plastic values, and, above all, the spatial ones. These, therefore, will be interwoven into the network of colors and lines. Then, finally, the work of art may, although it need not, possess spiritual values—historical, poetical, religious, sentimental, symbolical. Thus one can begin with the musical values and build up to the spiritual, but not vice versa. The most sublime of religious ideas will never make a picture, neither will the most convincing of dreams. The

* I have borrowed this comparison from Meier-Graefe's *Development of Modern Art*, vol. I, p. 293.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 40. Galatea, by Raphael

Villa Farnesina, Rome

Fig. 41. A Miracle of Saint Zenobius, by Botticelli

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

supreme works of art, like the Concert Champêtre (fig. 43) ascribed to Giorgione (but really belonging to Sebastiano del Piombo, according to Venturi), contain all the four types of values: they are perfectly harmonious; they express the subconscious moods of the mind in interesting ways through the music of color and line; they appeal vividly to the imagination through plastic form; they are profound in their spiritual meaning.

I will close this chapter with a brief consideration of futurist art. This type of art differs both from the traditional type and from non-representative art; for unlike the former, it does not seek to represent nature, and yet, at the same time, unlike the latter, it does not eschew representation. Its aim, as Hermann Bahr,* among others, has shown, is the expression, not of a vision of the outer world of nature, but of private impressions, fancies, the inner subjective world of the individual mind. In this the futurist differs radically from the impressionist, for the impressionist was always in contact with nature, however momentary that contact might be; he never faltered in his professed purpose to express what he saw. To the futurist, even Cézanne was a traditionalist, for he, too, sought to realize the *sensations* that he received from nature. But the futurist turns his back upon nature altogether; for him sensation has the status of the image. His impressions are frankly his impressions; the usual objective reference is lost; and he feels free to combine them, not after the laws of their combination in the real world, but as they stand together in his own consciousness. The day-dream, the dream at night, childish beliefs and primitive superstitions, vagrant associations and reminiscences, where impressions,

* *Expressionismus*, 1920.

detached from their moorings in perception and memory, linger on as free images—such is the material of the futurist.*

Since this material escapes all the unities of physical time and space, the futurist painter is consistent in violating them in his pictures. As in a dream at night, the most heterogeneous images appear from remote parts of space and time, fused and confused with one another; so in futurist art. It is true that the unities of time and space were sometimes violated by old masters. In the Metropolitan Museum there is a painting by Botticelli, where three different episodes in the life of Saint Zenobius (fig. 41), occurring in three different parts of space and time, are all portrayed on one canvas; and I would recall an even more striking picture by Angelico, where Peter's severed ear, the hands of Pilate being washed, the casting of lots for Christ's garments, the head of John the Baptist on a platter, and other such fragments of the Sacred Story are depicted as a background for the Crucified—things which He might perhaps have remembered, as in a dream, as He hung on the cross. Such pictures seem to prove that, in truth, there is nothing new under the sun. Yet an important difference between the new and the old violations of the unity of space and time remains. In the old pictures the violation was in the interest of telling a story by means of painting, and a dramatic or narrative unity was preserved; while in the new pictures there is no such unity; there is only the unity which dreams have—the unity of a mood. And if once you get the intention of the artist, to express the inner world of consciousness instead of the outer world of nature and history

* It is obvious that I am using the term 'futurism' in its broader and more popular signification.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 42. The Bathers, by Honoré Fragonard

Louvre

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 43. Concert Champêtre, by Giorgione

Louvre

and culture, the offense at being presented with odds and ends from the four corners of the earth vanishes—provided you are made to feel the mood that gives them unity and intelligibility. That there is always the unity of a mood at least even in a dream we now know, and a futurist picture has such a unity.

There is no principle of æsthetics by means of which one could condemn futurist work, as such. In the larger meaning of dream, all art, as we have seen, is a dream. Even when the artist creates a vision of nature and of human life, it is still a vision, a dream. And to the modern mind, with its critical scientific notions, there is nothing in futurist art more intrinsically absurd than many a painting by great masters depicting the miracles of the Old and New Testaments; they, too, are obviously dreams. There is, to be sure, this difference between, say, the Assumption of Titian in the I Frari church in Venice, and a futurist painting, that the former is the expression of the coherent myth of a great religion, a dream therefore which is the dream of a whole civilization; whereas the material of the futurist is nothing more than the tags and tatters of personal consciousness. Nevertheless, as expressive of the wishes of the artist, even this material had value for him, and if he can communicate these wishes to the spectator, if he can make the spectator live willingly in his state of mind, it may have value for the latter also. And if the objection is raised that the fabric of these images is too tenuous and ephemeral to become the substance of a work of art, the answer is that, inevitably, as occurs in all expression, the futurist, in giving form to his reveries, imposes upon them an order and stability that they do not have as flotsam on the stream of consciousness. Moreover, since a large part of

imagery is visual, it is readily reproducible in pictorial art. Here, as elsewhere in art, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating"; in any given case the test is, Is the mood actually communicated? Does the artist make us live, and live gladly, in his dream? There is no *a priori* reason why the futurist artist should not do so. If he fails, he fails because he is no artist, not because of his material. And yet since man will always be more profoundly interested in nature and in social and spiritual experience than in the vagaries of his own consciousness, painting of this type will never be more than one of the minor genres of the art.*

* The possibilities of beauty, and at the same time the narrow limits, of futurist art were well illustrated by the pictures of Marc Chagall exhibited at the Reinhardt Galleries, January 9-30, 1926. Some, like The Village and I, are expressions of private dreams, while most are expressions of Russian and Jewish legends, not wholly subjective, therefore.

CHAPTER IV

ART AND PAIN

THE theory that art is the "expression of the imagination" (Shelley's phrase), and that the imagination exists in order to fulfil a wish, is seemingly contradicted by the fact that many works of art represent the world, not as we would have it, but precisely as we would have it not. They seem to embody not the satisfaction, but the denial of a wish. That this is true I would illustrate by inviting a comparison. Consider first the Venus of Milo (fig. 44); this, I should suppose, is an example of what most people have in mind when they think of beauty—a pictured fulfilment of desire, an image of a familiar, well-loved thing, only firmer, stronger, purer in line, more harmoniously constructed, glorified. What could be so beautiful as this, a dream of loveliness satisfied, a triumphant celebration of the will to live! But consider next another statue, Rodin's Old Courtesan (fig. 45). Here once more is the human body, but not young and blooming, not beautiful as we think of human bodies when we call them beautiful, but old, wrinkled, diseased, ready for death. How shall we interpret this, as we have been interpreting all art, as an imaginative fulfilment of desire? For this, it would appear, is an embodied denial, rather than fulfilment, of a wish. This is the body emphatically as we wish it *not* to be. Not a dream this, or if a dream, a nightmare.

In the collection of works of industrial art in the Royal Palace in Vienna there is a statue that illustrates both of the types of art we are considering, together. It consists of three

figures; one is of a young and lovely girl, another of an old woman, the third of a skeleton. It is called the Allegory of Transiency. Its theme also seems to be the denial of a wish, the wish so dear to the heart of woman, for youth perpetual. Behold, it says, what shall become of you that are young and beautiful! *Memento mori.* Or as Shakespeare has expressed the same thought,

> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Yet who can doubt that, in their way, such works of art are beautiful?

The difficulty may be put in still another fashion thus: the beautiful is one species of the pleasant; works of art, being made by man and for man, must give him pleasure, or he would not make them. To suppose that men would deliberately create unpleasant things is not in accordance with reason. In the minds of some thinkers, indeed, the pleasantness of art is the outstanding fact about it. Santayana* defines beauty as "objectified pleasure," Marshall,† as a permanent pleasure field, and Bosanquet‡ says that the simplest æsthetic experience is, to begin with, a pleasant feeling. Yet there are the works of art, like those which we have been considering, of which pleasantness can with difficulty be predicated. Recall, for another example, a second statue by Rodin, Ugolino and His Children (fig. 46). It brings to mind what is perhaps the most terrible of all things to civilized man, starvation and cannibalism. Few, I believe, can view

* George Santayana, *The Sense of Beauty,* p. 49.
† Henry R. Marshall, *Æsthetic Principles,* chap. I.
‡ Bernard Bosanquet, *Three Lectures on Æsthetics,* p. 3.

Photograph by Braun & Cie

Fig. 44. Venus de Milo

Louvre

this sculpture quite without a shudder, any more than they can read Dante's lines without a pang:

> E disser: "Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,
> Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
> Queste misere carni, e tu ne spoglia."
>
> *Inferno,* XXXIII, 61.

How comes it that man has thus deliberately chosen to bring before his mind such painful images? In life the painful is unavoidable; we learn to bear it because we must, or else we shudder and turn our faces away. But art is our own voluntary work; why should we elect to torture ourselves? The problem is an old one, and volumes have been written about it with reference to literary art; in particular, the problem of tragedy has been a favorite one with philosophers and critics since Aristotle. But tragedy is only one small department of the painful in art. The whole question has never been adequately treated, even with regard to literature, and with reference to the plastic arts there is very little. The subject might well demand a course of lectures, instead of one, so that what I shall say will have to be brief and summary. I can do no more than indicate the main lines of a possible treatment of the theme.

There is, of course, a short and easy method of solving the problem: to refuse to recognize the painful in art as beautiful at all; to condemn it as morbid, decadent, disguised ugliness. But painful art is too large a part of the whole to be disposed of so easily. If it were something exceptional, it might perhaps be treated with neglect; but no *ex cathedra* pronouncement of philosophers or critics, even in the name of common sense or healthy-mindedness, can disestablish one half of the

art of the world, or the judgment of competent persons that it is beautiful. Artists have chosen to create it; there is a strange fascination in it; hence it can neither be ignored nor condemned. There is only one right attitude toward it—sympathy and the will to understand. We shall find that we can understand such art only by understanding ourselves. Since art is man's work, within him lies the key to its comprehension.

Psychologically, the problem is very complex, and we shall have to take the various factors one by one. First, there are certain facts about art which make the representation there of painful objects less painful than the corresponding things of real experience. The mere fact that art is imagination and not reality is the most significant of these. Normally, our emotions toward merely imagined things are not so strong as toward real things. Emotions have a practical function; they are devised as stimuli and supporters of action; when therefore action is out of the question, as it is in regard to imaginary situations, the emotions aroused tend to be less intense. We have all had occasion to verify this statement. Who has not experienced fear for the safety of some absent loved one? And the degree of fear is almost in direct proportion—is it not?—to our belief in his danger; if the chances are strong that he is safe—if, as we say, we merely imagine that he is in danger—our fear is very mild; but it grows as the chances of danger grow, yet does not reach its height until we actually know that there is danger. Now in art we are always in the realm of mere imagination, of make-believe; hence no matter how strongly our emotions are aroused, they cannot be so strong as the emotions of real life. Hence painful feelings, although they cannot be eliminated from art, are less painful

Fig. 45. The Old Courtesan, by Auguste Rodin

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Photograph by Giraudon

Fig. 46. Ugolino and His Children, by Auguste Rodin

Plaster

just because they are within the realm of art. If they were not less painful, how could we endure the Ugolino? Suppose we were witnesses of the reality of which it is the artistic interpretation?

However, this diminution of the intensity of feeling owing to the make-believe character of art is partly counteracted by another fact. The intensity of emotion varies with the conviction of reality, but it also varies with the imaginative sympathy or 'identification' of the spectator with what he sees. A painful situation of our own affects us most strongly because it is our own; next, a similar situation of one whom we love, because through love we identify ourselves with him; we are, on the contrary, little affected by the troubles of other persons, because of our lack of affection for them. Compare how we feel when confronted with the thought of disaster to our own ambitions or the death of a dear friend with the way we feel toward a similar disaster to a mere acquaintance. Now, as Guyau* declared, it is one of the aims of the artist to create something like a tie of love between the spectator and what is offered to the imagination in a work of art. And one measure of the greatness of the artist is his success in doing this. He hopes to make us feel toward the Old Courtesan what we might feel toward one whom we loved; he tries to make us imagine that the fate of Ugolino is our own fate, and his children ours. He is always trying to diminish the 'psychical distance'† between ourselves and the creatures of his imagination. He would make us enter into and experience all that they suffer or enjoy as if it were our

* J. M. Guyau, *L'Art au point de vue sociologique,* pp. 18, 19, 66.

† The phrase is, of course, that of E. Bullough. See his article, "Psychical Distance," in *British Journal of Psychology,* vol. 5, pp. 87-118.

of modern psychological studies. It follows therefore that the baser self is ineradicable. It follows also that there is really only one self; what we call the better self has been evolved by a long and difficult discipline out of the stuff of original human nature. It would take us too far from our central theme to trace the steps of this process; to show how, through the pressure of his fellow men upon him, man comes to seek his own advantage by serving others and acquires habits of decency; how the element of love in his nature gradually extends the range of its objects beyond the circle of body, mate, and family until it embraces, in a diffused form, the members of the tribe as well, and grows into sentiments of loyalty, affection, and duty. Thus, grafted upon his original egoistic and animal manhood, there is a civilized, humanized, friendly self, that expresses itself in ideals and in the more disinterested elements of law and institutions. But man never becomes civilized all through; there is a part that remains primitive to the end. The later growth is, moreover, unstable and precarious; there is a tendency to revert to the more primitive methods of desire—to satisfy cruelty, lust, and ambition in the older ways. In moments of panic or of great danger, as in war, or when through the possession of great power men are secure from public opinion, or in less spectacular situations of temptation and opportunity, and with all of us in dreams, the primitive self has its way.

At times, it has its way also in art. Art provides a medium through which the more animal side of our nature may receive imaginative satisfaction. In the art of early peoples, the expression of primitive modes of behavior is quite frank, because as yet they have not been moralized. For example, in Egyptian and Assyrian art there is an unabashed rep-

resentation of the humiliation of captives, with no effort to disguise the expression of cruelty and the egoistic 'will to power.' Such works of art are painful to us, but they probably were not painful to the artists who made them or to their patrons who took an unrestrained delight in torture and conquest. They are painful to us for two reasons: we identify ourselves with the captives, and so feel their sufferings and humiliations as if they were ours, and we are shocked at the cruelty of their oppressors. But if we let ourselves go may we not perhaps also feel something of the pleasure that was felt by the conquerors? For to put ourselves in *their* places, instead of in the places of the captives, is an ineradicable possibility in human nature (since, as we have observed, the primitive self can never be quite extinguished). Our very abhorrence at the work of art is partly an abhorrence at ourselves who have this capacity, which must be present as an undertone at least in the appreciation even of the most gentle. Other familiar examples of the expression in art of primitive impulses are the scenes of abandon painted on Greek vases. Such things are, of course, not restricted to antiquity, for in every Christian country there has flourished, more or less in secret, an art, often enriched by great artists, which boldly gives imaginative satisfaction to the animal side of human nature.

Much more significant, however, for the light which they throw upon human nature are the examples of Dionysian art where the expression of the primitive is disguised. And oftentimes the disguises are of the strangest sort. It would be an interesting task for the 'slummer' in human motives to show how, under the cover of the religious subject, the very elements of human nature which the church has always sought

to castigate and control found imaginative satisfaction in the painting and sculpture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Rare opportunities were provided by many a sacred theme: Adam and Eve, the Magdalen, Susanna and Bathsheba, the flagellation, the punishment of the damned, the martyrdom of the saints. When, for example, we find the torture of a saint portrayed *con amore,* we cannot help drawing our own conclusions as to motives, nor can we acquit a Signorelli of a savage joy in his pictures of the damned (fig. 47). Dionysian art is a perfect image of the dual nature of man and the conflicts between his two selves. For, on the one hand, there is pleasure in the expression of what is repressed and under control, and, on the other hand, this pleasure emerges only under the resistance of civilized habits and sentiments. This resistance creates a feeling of horror or repugnance which is painful. Whether or not there shall be a balance of pleasure depends upon the individual. Some people of very delicate moral sensibilities reject art of this kind out of hand; according to their own statements, it is unconditionally painful or distasteful. But such people betray a failure to distinguish between the world of the imagination and the world of reality, characteristic of the novice in æsthetic appreciation. They are affected by a work of art as they would be affected by a corresponding bit of reality. Just as they would be moved to a violent reaction of horror if they were witnesses of the actual humiliation of captives among the Egyptians, so they are horrified by the mere representation of such scenes. But this attitude is not, I think, the usual one among sophisticated lovers of art, for the majority of whom even the most flagrant examples of Dionysian art may be pleasurable. The reasons for this are not

far to seek. Of great importance are the easements of pain of which I spoke in the early part of this chapter: the charm of color, of design, of space, of all those musical and plastic elements of the arts analyzed in our last chapter. Without these, it is true, the representation of the baser things is not only inartistic in the full meaning of the term, but may be repugnant. There is, besides, the intelligent realization that in art we live in an imaginary, not a real world; that the occurrences there are a make-believe of our own, and so need not weigh heavily upon our consciences, and that, finally, the primitive trends, so severely disciplined in action, have perhaps the right to a satisfaction in the imagination which is necessarily harmless. Since I shall consider the moral problem involved here in my last chapter, I will not go into it now. Moreover, many works of this class are in the service of religion and instruction, or are of great historical interest for the light which they throw on early manners and modes of thought; they are therefore sanctioned, and even sanctified, by large social causes. The knowledge that this is true satisfies the inner censor and permits enjoyment. So prominent, in fact, may be the satisfaction of these larger 'legitimate' interests, that the share of the primitive impulses in the total resulting pleasure may be overlooked. Only through analysis can we understand the complexity of our pleasures.

The motives underlying satirical and realistic art are rooted in the same fundamental dualism out of which Dionysian art springs. But whereas the latter is an expression of the more primitive elements of human nature, the former expresses the ideals that would restrain them. Strange as it may sound, satirical art, and much also of realistic art, which often verges on satire, is a species of idealism. For satire im-

plies an ideal or aspiration, a wish, against which the baser things of life are shown up. Who is more replete with ideals than Shaw! From this point of view, satire may be regarded as an indirect or oblique method of portraying ideals. The exposure of corruption in manners, tyranny in government, insincerity in opinion, cruelty in war, gets its sting from the opposing desire for purity, honesty, freedom, and mercy. It follows that there is not nearly so great a difference between romantic art and realism as is usually believed. To cite first some examples from literary art. The realistic movement of the nineteenth century, which followed close on the heels of romanticism, had precisely the same moral texture; both were inspired by the same democratic ideals. An example of this is Tolstoy, whose realism was always in the service of ideas of betterment. In our own country, the realistic art of such men as Sandburg, Lewis, Masters, and Dreiser is the creation of romantic figures, veritable knights-errant of reform.

It is not difficult to prove the presence of similar idealistic motives in realistic and satirical plastic art. Even those painters who, like Hogarth and Goya, have been accused of brutality and coarseness, were at heart idealists. Works like the two Progresses of Hogarth, his Marriage à la Mode, and others of the same character, were forcible expressions of the old-fashioned, healthy ideals of their maker. That Hogarth saw life about him as brutal and evil was possible only because of his own goodness and healthy-mindedness. The idealistic motive behind the engravings of Goya is also not hard to seek. The Disasters of War is one of the most poignant cries for humanity ever uttered. Most terrible of all, perhaps, is the Massacre of the Inhabitants of Madrid (fig. 48).

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 47. The Damned, by Signorelli

Orvieto Cathedral

Photograph by D. Anderson, Rome

Fig. 48. The Massacre of the Inhabitants of Madrid by the French, May 3, 1808, by Francisco Goya

Prado

That these works are brutal and horrible, is undeniable, but they are so to us, as they were to their creator—whose own people were being destroyed in this miserable fashion—because of his and our pity and patriotism. That there is an idealistic motive also in realistic art that has no satirical intent may be illustrated by the works of Millet, whose Man with the Hoe has been an emblem of humanitarian enthusiasm everywhere. Or consider the uncompromising realism of Courbet, who was exiled for his participation in the Commune of 1870. And even so disinterested a spirit as Manet was not untouched by the general current of republican and revolutionary ideas.

The kinship between realism and idealism is illustrated by the statue which we were considering at the outset, Rodin's Old Courtesan. How did it happen, one might wonder, that Rodin, who has been called the last of the romantics, should have created a statue which is perhaps the most terribly uncompromising example of realism in modern art? Yet when we read Gsell's conversations with Rodin, reported in *L'Art,* chapter II, we understand. We recognize that even this is an oblique expression of a wish. The statue was, of course, inspired by Villon's poem, in which the Old Courtesan is represented as lamenting the passing of her beauty. Perhaps even more strongly than when she was young does she love beauty, which then she possessed so abundantly, and now so passionately desires.

Quand je pense, las! au bon temps,
Quelle fus, quelle devenue,
Quand je me regarde toute nue
Et je me vois si très changée. . . .

The statue must be interpreted in the same way, we are told; it too expresses the desire for beauty. That desire might have received a far different celebration at the hands of the artist, as it did in his Eternal Spring. But strange as it may sound, the theme of both statues is the same, the love and desire for beauty, only in the one case the theme is expressed directly, gloriously, in the other case, obliquely and pathetically.

But why does the artist employ the oblique method of representation, when the direct is so much pleasanter? In the case of art that is obviously satirical, like Goya's Disasters of War or Hogarth's Rum Row, where there is an obvious reformatory motive, the answer is simple: there is the intention to inspire fear or disgust for the evils portrayed, in the hope that men may be persuaded to relinquish them. Such works of art are like the 'scare' advertisements that have begun to compete with the older type that appealed through attraction. In Hogarth one finds both forms of what might be called moral advertisement. There is a companion piece to Rum Row called Beer Street, in which the prosperity and happiness of beer drinkers is contrasted with the misery of consumers of spirits portrayed in the former. So Goya might have painted a series of pictures entitled The Blessings of Peace. Yet the latter would hardly have been as effective as the former. The practical aim is then one motive for the portrayal of evil in art.

This motive will not, however, serve to explain Rodin's Old Courtesan, where obviously there can be no practical aim, in the ordinary interpretation of practical. (That in the profounder sense there is a practical motive involved even here, I shall try to show in the sequel.) For the Old Courtesan is the portrayal of an evil that is inevitable: the passing of

youth and beauty. The insufficiency of the practical motive is equally apparent in the Ugolino. For the Ugolino is the representation of a scene of horror, if not unique in the world's history, at least so unusual that no one of us will ever have the occasion to fear and avoid it, as we all need to be on our guard against the perils of war, and some of us at least, against the temptations of strong drink. There is no meaning in warning against evils that are either unavoidable or else so remote that they are never likely to befall us. It is, moreover, a fundamental truth in the theory of art that every work of art, no matter how strong may have been the practical motive that inspired it, possesses a total significance which is larger than the practical.

The truth is that for both artist and spectator evil itself, when presented to the imagination, is welcome on its own account. Perhaps man always shuns the actual experience of evil, but not so the knowledge or the imagination of evil. The very things that he loathes and fears are fascinating to his imagination. The grounds for this are multiple, and I do not pretend to expose them all; for some of them are so deeply rooted that we cannot (or dare not) follow them to their source.

One of the simplest values that may accrue from the representation of evil in art is the satisfaction of the desire for knowledge. Art may provide satisfaction for this interest, as it may for any other, so far as is possible through the imagination. From this point of view, the desire for knowledge is on the same footing with every other desire. Insatiable perhaps with some few persons, this desire is in most minds aroused by things new and strange. The stimulus of animal curiosity is the unwonted, and children love best to see the quaint and

curious animals in the Zoo! Now it is characteristic of artists that they keep fresh and vivid to the end the curiosity that is one of the charms of childhood. They are always seekers after experience, partly because of abundance and strength of desire that needs much to feed on, but partly also because of the wish to expand the range of their knowledge of life. A large part of art is the expression and realization through the imagination of this wish. For by reproducing life in the imagination, which may have much of the fulness and vividness of actual experience, and is at the same time more permanent and manageable, man may contemplate it and come to realize what it is like. He may possess it reflected as in a mirror where he can gaze at it at will. As the child looking at a picture book may get a knowledge of animals without the trouble or danger of seeing them, so man, through his art, may get an imaginative insight into experience without cost. Some at least of the interest shown by artists and connoisseurs in works of art which express the rarer and stranger forms of evil can be accounted for in this way. And to a degree at least, all forms of evil are strange and curious to man; he can never quite get used to them or feel that he has come to an end of understanding them. No mere desire to reform the world can explain the interest of a Goya or a Hogarth in the things they depicted. Their knowledge of these things was too intimate; they must have been drawn to them by some independent, compelling force. Or study the Caricatures of Leonardo (fig. 49). Are they not strictly comparable to the child's grimaces and mimicking, by means of which he gets an intuition of unfamiliar contortions of body and mind?

It is, however, a mistake—Croce's mistake—to suppose that the interest in knowledge functions in art unmixed with

other motives. It is almost always ancillary to other interests; it never, I should say, functions pure. The imaginative extension of the mental horizon occurs in the service of emotional stimulation and expression. Almost invariably, not only in the realm of art, but elsewhere, we find that curiosity is selective, and that man is curious about certain things because of some further interest in them. To cite a simple illustration from the history of art: it was not pure, disinterested curiosity that led Degas to explore and depict the possibilities, not of beauty, but of ugliness in woman; it was misogyny. Moreover, it is not solely the strange and recondite evils—which, as we have seen, tend to excite instinctive curiosity—that are selected for artistic representation, but the pervasive evils of all experience, sickness, war, death, tyranny, and ordinary vice and crime, things so common that they have lost any special stimulus to curiosity. But there are other sources of emotional excitement in these things which never dry up. We have already considered one of them, namely, the expression of repressed, primitive interests. Even satirical and reformatory art provides this in a measure—where one would least expect to find it. For owing to man's dual nature he is in secret sympathy even with the very deeds that he condemns. The strength of his condemnation is often due to the fact that in condemning others he is condemning things that he is ashamed of and hence wishes to deny, in himself. Even in Goya's Massacre of the Inhabitants of Madrid, where there can be no question of the artist's detestation of the thing he portrays, who can fail to detect, in the verve of the executioners' attitude, a certain sympathy with their murderous impulses? There is therefore truth as well as error in the accusation of coarseness and

brutality leveled against artists of this type, no matter how sincere be their idealism. For the artist cannot adequately portray the dark side of human nature without the intimate understanding born only of participation in it.

But I am not now thinking of this aspect of our theme. I am thinking not of the spectator's sympathy with the life represented in art, but of his reactions to it. One limitation of the theory of *Einfühlung* is its too exclusive preoccupation with the feelings that depend upon identification, to the exclusion of the emotional *reactions*. The latter, although they may depend upon the former, are of equal importance with the former for the total experience of art. The distinction between the two types of feeling may be illustrated by an analysis of the feelings aroused by the Massacre of the Inhabitants of Madrid. On the one hand we feel the terror on the faces of the victims as our own terror because we put ourselves in their places, and also, for the same reason, the angry impulses of the executioners; but, in addition, certain feelings that are distinctly those of the spectator rather than of the actor in the spectacle—his horror and indignation at it. Now these reaction-feelings constitute one of the chief sources of satisfaction in the art of pain. For, despite their painfulness, man has a need for anger, fear, horror, hate, and pity—for all the emotions that are his natural reactions to the evil in the world. Man is an organism predestined to life in a difficult, hazardous, and largely hostile environment; he possesses therefore, partly by inborn constitution, and partly as a result of habit and tradition, tendencies to reaction appropriate to such a world. Like all others, these tendencies demand stimulation and expression, and provide their modicum of pleasure when not too strong. Man has a need to hate

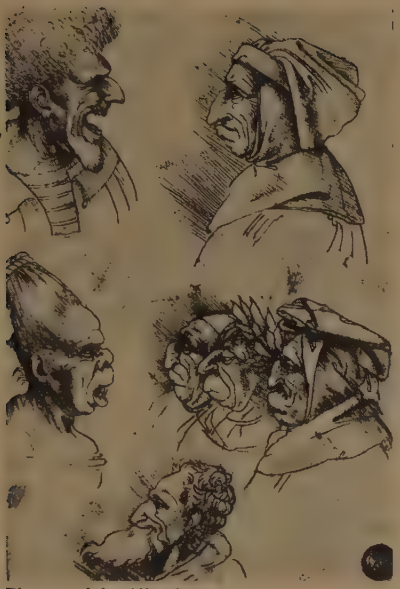
as well as to love, to fear as well as to feel safe, to be angry as well as to be friendly, to destroy as well as to construct, even to experience pain itself.* So in satirical and reformatory art it is a joy just to give vent to hot anger and indignation and, in the imagination at least, to destroy the things that one hates and loathes.

A type of art, of quite a different kind, the art of pity, illustrates this point. Here are representations of scenes of great distress and mental anguish, which one might think that men would prefer to turn away from rather than to contemplate. Yet there is no species of art more popular than this, as the vogue of Israels attests. And why? The reason is—is it not?—that in this world where all are weak and in need of help, man has capacities for pity which crave exercise like other functions, and that art provides a means of satisfying them in the imagination.

On a superior plane of mental complication is the satisfaction which satirical art provides to pride or self-esteem. Man always enjoys finding himself superior to others in any respect—not the least in respect to morality. In almost all satire one can detect something of the attitude of the Pharisee, of thanking God that he is not like unto other men. This is especially true when superiority in morality is correlated with class superiority, of which the attitude of the 'good' to the 'bad' woman is a familiar illustration. In much of Hogarth's work one senses, I think, this satisfaction of pride that is the rightful portion of those who have taken the part of convention as against nature.

* To me this is a far simpler and more probable explanation of man's need for pain than Freud's hypothesis of a distinct '*Todestrieb*.' But see his *Das Ich und das Es*, chap. IV, 1925, and *Jenseits des Lustprinzips*, 1921.

A final and related source of satisfaction is the comical element that is seldom, if ever, absent from satirical art. For the comic spirit emerges out of that same contrast between nature and convention which is the basis of satire. The comical object, the thing that makes us laugh or smile and gives us the pleasure of laughter and smiling, is the thing which emphatically contrasts with what is usual, expected, conventional, right, and true—with all those values therefore which make up the civilized part of man's nature. The comical thing is the unusual, unexpected, unconventional, wrong, and false—in the large sense of the word, it is evil. And yet, strangely, we laugh. There is nothing so evil, in fact, that we may not laugh at it. How comic, while pathetic, are the blind led by the blind, in Bruegel's picture (fig. 52), symbolic of all human blindness and folly! And in Hogarth's engraving (fig. 50) how ridiculously false is the sorrow of the poor harlot's companions at her funeral! How can we be pleased, how dare we laugh at such things? That is the unsolved mystery of the comic. Although every suggested explanation is insufficient, the following reasons are, I believe, important: First, in order to be laughed at, evil must not touch us personally too closely. There must be 'psychical distance' between us and the evil thing, or we should lament instead of laughing. The hardest things in the world to laugh at are, of course, our own weakness and misfortunes. But this explains only our lack of pain; it does not explain our pleasure in the comic. For that I would suggest two possible grounds. First, the comic feeds our pride, as all satire does. We take the side of convention against nature, as I have explained, and the greater the contrast between nature, as embodied in the comical object, and



Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 49. Caricatures, by Leonardo da Vinci

Accademia di Belle Arti, Venice

Fig. 50. The Funeral, from The Harlot's Progress, by William Hogarth

convention, the greater is our own relative rightness and superiority. Or we feel ourselves as the representatives of wisdom and wholeness in contrast with the folly and defectiveness of the comical object. Just so, beholding the ignorant blind men, we feel ourselves gloriously wise and capable of vision; or seeing the outcasts in Hogarth's The Funeral, we revel in our own respectability. Our laughter is contemptuous; we look down as from a height. This is the 'sudden glory' of Hobbes.* But how paradoxical is man! For all the while that we are glorying in our superiority, we are secretly taking pleasure in putting ourselves, imaginatively, on the level below us; we are siding with evil against the good, against ourselves; free of the constraint of respectability, convention, goodness; blind, in the darkness, where there is not the glare and complexity of light; false and debauched, free from the straitness of the narrow way! There is no more complex state of mind than the comic, especially the satirical comic, because it embodies the conflict between two opposed wishes, both of which find satisfaction: the wish to maintain the conventional and good, and the wish to be relieved of the constraint that convention and rightness involve. Dimly realizing that we are surreptitiously siding with evil when we laugh at it, some people think there are things at which we should not laugh; but is it not a sign of man's freedom in the face of evil that he does laugh, that he can laugh? Why should he not wring from evil all the pleasure he can?

Even now we have not reached a full understanding of the facts we are studying; for we have been moving on what are, after all, the more elementary levels of human experience.

* Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan,* part I, chap. VI.

And I am sure that some of my readers must think that, burrowing as we have been in the subsoil of human nature, we have not touched the distinctive and essential reality of art. But this burrowing was, I believe, indispensable, for art expresses the whole man, not any one select and noble part of him alone. It is time now, however, to take the nobler side into account, and seek there also for reasons for an art of pain.

One of these motives, perhaps the most important of all, is this. To use again the language and the ideas of Goethe, man has the pressing need to come to some certain understanding with himself concerning life as a whole, and particularly concerning the most baffling element of it, evil. Man must face the facts, all the facts, and find a way of living at peace with them and with himself. It is essentially this purpose, so it seems to me, that is fulfilled in the more reflective representations of evil, like the Allegory of Transiency of the medieval sculptor or the Old Courtesan of Rodin. This is a purpose that has in it nothing of the practical in the usual meaning of the term; for here are evils which no human skill can prevent; they are as unchangeable a part of man's environment as sun and moon; least of all can the mere artistic representation of them change them. Nevertheless, as I have already hinted, such art is practical, in the larger meaning of practical. For although man cannot alter the radical evils in his environment, he can change himself; and whatever mood of resignation or of defiance or of faith may supervene upon his knowledge of evil, to help him to bear it, is a practical result of the greatest value to him. Some such mood as this is the inspiration and achievement of the profoundest masters of evil within the field of art. For them, knowledge was the in-

dispensable means to a complete adjustment to life. This is the deep practical motive underlying all of man's effort—in art at least—to know his world. Thus what seemed to Schopenhauer a mere will-less knowing shows itself, on further analysis, to be in the service of the will itself.

From this point of view, we may distinguish and re-define for our own purposes the two types of art, romance and realism, in a larger sense. Romance represents our several wishes as satisfied in the imagination, while realism, by exhibiting them as denied, nevertheless fulfils man's ultimate wish for inner adjustment to the world as it is. For example, the effort to attain to some form of self-possession in the face of disillusionment lies behind the pessimistic poetry and prose of the nineteenth century, as represented by such diverse spirits—to choose at random—as Arnold, Leopardi, and Hardy. Or once more from this same point of view, we may distinguish between mature art, which seeks to face all the facts of life, and naïve, childlike art, which refuses to envisage any except pleasant things. In America our contemporary realistic fiction is an example of the former. We have all grown up believing a delightful legend about our own country, from which such men as Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis are seeking to free us. But they are not destroying the myth for the mere pleasure of destroying. They are trying, for themselves and for us, to make possible a new attitude, a better attitude because based on fact rather than on illusion, toward the country they have rediscovered, America. The American 'movie,' on the other hand, with its invariable happy ending, may be cited as an art that faces none of the evil in life. But as expressing and fulfilling naïve and youthful desire, the moving picture is

incomparable, and it is to children and to the child-mind in all of us that the cinema appeals.

Besides the wish for a total adjustment to life, there is yet another profound motive expressed in much of realistic art. This motive is not discernible to a superficial consideration of works of this type, but is rather divined or felt as a kind of atmosphere pervading them, or emerges from the utterances of artists. What I have in mind is the mystical conviction of the oneness and goodness of all things. For this attitude, there is nothing intrinsically evil in nature or in man; on the contrary, all things are beautiful to the eye that can see them so, and worthy therefore of expression in art. In expanding himself into other forms of reality, through the imagination, the artist finds himself in them and they in him. His intuitions are unions, participations. Artistic representation, far from being a reconstruction of an alien, perhaps an evil, reality, is rather communion with the Divine and with oneself. Art that makes everything lovely to the senses and perfect in the harmony of its design, transfigures also the seemingly evil life that it may represent, and makes it good. Of Manet's Nana, Meier-Graefe wrote,* "The most pious Mantegna is not more worthy of honor than this coquettish beast in corsets and lace petticoat." And who that enjoys Manet's picture does not agree with Meier-Graefe at that moment? Both the stain of Nana's impurity and the hypocrisy of our condemnation are extinguished in the experience of Beauty, when we and she become as one with the universe. This attitude, so foreign to the ordinary practical and moral man, is nevertheless the common thought and living faith of artists and poets of all ages. It is not for us to criticize, but

* Julius Meier-Graefe, *The Development of Modern Art*, vol. I, p. 263.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 51. The Good Shepherd

Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, Ravenna

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 52. The Parable of the Blind, by Pieter Bruegel the Elder

Louvre

accurately to record and sympathize with it. And whoever understands it possesses the key to the appreciation and comprehension of much of realistic art.

With regard to religious and tragic art, I can do no more than indicate ideas that would require an entire chapter or series of chapters to unfold. Superficially considered, religious art and realistic art are poles asunder, the one noble and idealistic, the other sordid and matter of fact; yet once again extremes meet. For one thing, both are preoccupied with suffering and evil. The strong moralistic trend in religion introduces a marked satirical element into religious art. In the Middle Ages and early Renaissance, for example, religious plastic and dramatic art was *the* realistic art of the period. In the endeavor to render evil abhorrent, nothing could exceed the frankness of its portrayal. But on its own ground also, apart from its relation to morality, religious art is necessarily an art of pain. For aside from its moral function, it has been the purpose of religion to maintain and to restore man's confidence in life, which is always in danger of being undermined in the struggle for existence. The whole course of man's career as he comes gradually to a realization of the inevitableness of disillusion, sickness, and death, and the indifference of nature and society to his ambitions, is a succession of shocks to that original trust with which, owing to parental, and especially maternal, care, we enter into life. So great may be these shocks that the love of life will be lost entirely, and despair and the will to die will follow. Now religion enables man to prolong his trust in life to the end, even in the face of death; to feel in his larger environment what he felt as a child in his home, a vague, uncomprehending, yet satisfying peace. In early Christian art, the theme of

the Good Shepherd (fig. 51) and, in the later art, the theme of the Madonna are imaginative realizations of this basic value of religion. To my mind there is not in the whole range of Christian art a more exquisite portrayal of the function of religion in its relation to pain than Michelangelo's Pietà (fig. 53) in Saint Peter's at Rome: Man the crucified, symbol of all human suffering, is yet on the sheltering lap of the Mother. Thus not only is religious art akin to realistic art in its preoccupation with evil, but also in its fundamental motive of effecting an adjustment to life as a whole. Only whereas realism can at best produce a mood of defiance or resignation, through the inner discipline of the will by philosophy, religion, by fostering an interpretation of the environment in terms of desire, creates an attitude of trust. Yet because religious art does interpret the world in accordance with desire rather than knowledge, it belongs, with romance and day-dream, to the childhood of the spirit, while philosophical realism belongs to its maturity.

Inseparable usually from religion, tragic art has its most fruitful field in the drama, and to a lesser degree in the novel and poetry; yet there are splendid examples of tragedy in the plastic arts. To go deeply into the problem of the tragic would take us far afield. A vast literature, beginning with Aristotle's *Poetics,* has obscured as much as it has illumined the subject. Now at the close of this chapter I can do no more than mention an aspect of tragedy that brings it into relation with our previous discussions of realistic and religious art. The general theme of tragic art is the suffering, yet also the fortitude of the hero. For him we feel pity and fear, yet not for him alone, but for ourselves; for we identify his fate with ours. And stronger than the emotion of either

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 53. Pietà, by Michelangelo
St. Peter's, Rome

Photograph by Hanfstaengl

Fig. 54. Christ Crowned with Thorns
by Titian
Ältere Pinakothek, Munich

pity or fear is what Corneille* called admiration. Admiration is the wish that we be like the hero, as strong as he is to endure. The hero is the symbol of ourselves as suffering men, and his fortitude is the embodiment of our wish for courage. I have chosen the Christ Crowned with Thorns (fig. 54) of Titian for my illustration of the heroic in the plastic arts, because it illustrates the close connection between religious and tragic art. The Man of Sorrows is a symbol of ourselves; His crucifixion is the travail of all humanity. But equally in His fortitude and faith He is ourselves, not as we are, but as we would wish to be. For it is not easy to keep the faith, but He kept it, and so we find Him represented here, crucified, yet glorified—the symbol of that profoundest wish of man, for confidence in the face of life.

* Corneille, *De la tragédie.*

CHAPTER V

THE PARADOX OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS

A good theory of art should take account of all the facts of art and be no more than an interpretation of them. In this chapter, therefore, I have chosen to test the validity of the general ideas propounded by the touchstone of an art that stands seemingly at the opposite pole from the arts which have provided most of our evidence. It may be recalled, moreover, that in the first chapter I indicated that the industrial arts offered special difficulties to the philosopher of art, and I asked leave to postpone the more careful and scientific consideration of them until this time. I have also another motive in mind: I wish to illustrate in the study of architecture, the most interesting of the industrial arts, the same method that was employed in the study of painting and sculpture. The more general ideas developed in the chapter will hold of all the useful arts, but the finer analysis will be limited to architecture.

On first consideration, the industrial arts seem to fall outside our own as well as the current conceptions of beauty. For beauty belongs primarily to the world of the imagination, and as belonging there appears to be removed from the sphere of everyday life. Freedom from all practical ends has been claimed for it. Students of the history of the theory of beauty will remember Kant's famous distinction between 'free' and 'dependent' beauty. In itself, Kant asserted, our pleasure in beauty is disinterested; it is a pleasure in mere

contemplation, and depends upon what the mind makes out of the mere imagination or perception of things, and not at all upon what we get out of them for the satisfaction of our needs. Things imagined may, therefore, be as beautiful as things real; the painted ship upon the painted ocean may be as beautiful as the real ship upon the real sea; but only real things can carry and feed and shelter us. But, of course, Kant had to admit that there are useful things that are also beautiful, as houses or gardens. So the only way he could think of to save the face of his original presupposition of the disinterestedness of beauty was to claim that the utility of beautiful things was either irrelevant to their beauty or a positive hindrance to it. How much more beautiful, he exclaims, might this thing be, if it were not destined to be a summer house! The beauty of the summer house is an illustration of dependent beauty—beauty under the limitation of a purpose. Utility sets bounds to the artist's freedom and clips the wings of his imagination. Think what curious and lovely shapes he could construct if he were not under obligation to make a place for people to entertain each other in on warm summer evenings! How unlike he is to the musician composing his free fantasies—airy architect of sound!

Or recur to our own first reflections on the nature of fine art. The value of art, we said, resided in the imagination, and the imagination itself was a self-enclosed life in the mind and the body. There means for the satisfaction of desire is provided without the usual effort and cost; and without the necessity for interaction with the environment external to the body. To be sure, there has to be some participation of the environment; I cannot get the beauty of a painting or a statue unless I receive the visual stimuli from the canvas or the

block of marble, or the beauty of music unless the vibrations of the air hit my auditory nerves; but my reaction to these stimuli is entirely an internal one, within myself; it does not result in any transformation of the canvas or block of marble or the physical causes of the sound; they are not moved or changed in any obvious way. In so far as the environment participates in my experience of beauty, it is already preformed to satisfy my desires and to give me pleasure; it does not have to be altered to this end. In a measure, the same is true of a useful thing; it, too, is already pre-adapted to my purposes, but those purposes cannot be fulfilled without an active interaction between me and the thing—I must manipulate and use it. To appreciate a summer house, it is not sufficient merely to look at it, as if it were a picture; I must sit in it and converse there with my friends. Thus does beauty seem to be opposed to use.

Paradoxically, however, every worker in the industrial arts would claim not only beauty in the things he produces, but beauty because of utility. The shoemaker would not admit beauty in the shoe unless it fitted or the potter in a vessel unless its handle provided a firm grip and its mouth an opening from which to pour accurately and generously. And only a person like Kant, who probably never made anything in his life, could suppose that use was a limitation to beauty, instead of a condition and opportunity for it. The practical purpose is the artist's inspiration and guides his imagination as an inner creative principle, not as an external and hindering control.

There emerges from this discussion an apparent opposition between two points of view, which are really that of the maker and user, on the one hand, and that of the spectator,

on the other hand. For the one, architecture possesses beauty when it is essentially functional in its nature, that is, when it is well and obviously adapted to its uses, decoration and proportion being secondary; for the other, architecture is an art that does with space freely what the musician does with sound, with the result that, as a useful thing, the building is little more than a scaffolding upon which to hang a work of pure beauty. Yet surely, as the history of the practice of architecture attests, both points of view contain truth. Architects have claimed for their buildings beauty because of adaptation to purpose, and also because of a free expressiveness akin to music in its abstractness; they have sought to appeal both to the user and to the spectator. And since man is not one who handles things in the dark as if blind, but has the capacity to observe the things that he uses, the claims of both are justified. Let us see precisely how.

First of all, it must be insisted that the beauty even of useful things exists for the imagination, and for it alone. This is true not only of whatever free beauty we may suppose them to possess, but of their functional beauty as well. For while functional beauty is a derivative of use, it is not itself the actual using of things. It is the prospective or remembered values of use, the delight which the maker feels when, having fashioned his article, he imagines all the pleasures of using it; or, again, it is the satisfaction which supervenes in the user's mind after he has used it. In either case the work of art becomes the focus of an activity of the imagination, and the values generated by it are realized there. The beauty of utility, therefore, like the beauty of poetry or song, is a beauty for the imagination. And, I would add, it offers the best possible illustration of our definition

of beauty, as a value for the imagination taken sensuous shape.

The relation between beauty and use is parallel to the relation between life and the fine arts. The fine arts are not life, but a realization, in the imagination, of the values of life. Even so, as has just been said, the beauty of the useful arts is not the value in the actual use of them, but in the imagined possibilities of use. One can appreciate the beauty of a building that one does not own and use because its beauty is exactly its capacity to make us *imagine,* on beholding it, the values that it would offer if we did use it. A beautiful house is a 'dream of a house.' And yet, just as no one can appreciate the beauty of poetry or song who does not have within him a capacity for the passions which are the substance of poetry, so no one can feel the functional beauty of a pot or a teacup or a house, who has never used these things. It is only to the outsider that poetry is remoter from life than architecture. To the genuine lover of poetry, who reads because he must, poetry is an expression of his own interests, as architecture expresses the actual need for a shelter from the sky. Both the fine and the industrial arts spring, therefore, from life itself, and express the interests of life; poetry does this, however, for the imagination only; the industrial arts, so far as beautiful, also serve the imagination, but, in addition, they may serve real life as well. Sometimes, to be sure, the life that is expressed both in the fine and the industrial arts is not one's literal own, as when we read an Icelandic saga or admire the beauty of ruined castles or Egyptian pottery, but rather the life of one's historical past, recaptured for the imagination. Man has a love for the beauty in his past, not unmixed with

a nostalgic desire for a similar beauty in his own life: it is one function of the museum to minister to that love.

However, the beauty of no work of the industrial arts need be functional merely. For in making something to serve a practical purpose, its creator has inevitably made something with color and shape and mass, which have their own capacities for beauty, to which, if he have eyes to see at all, he cannot fail to react. While living constantly with the material that grows under his hands, he will suffer the influence of the play of its forms, and almost unconsciously some shape will select itself which expresses the vague current of his moods and desires. For even when most busy in making and using things, not all of a man's self is thus engaged; there is a deeper tide of life that flows unemployed. In artistic handicraft this too finds expression, and in delicate enrichment of rhythm and decoration is woven into the article. The basic structure of the thing is determined by use, but there are deviations and additions which, although a superfluity from a practical point of view, are a joy to a liberal mind. The tool thus comes to express, for both maker and user, not only urgent need fulfilled, but the inarticulate background of emotion and fancy that surround and color the practical life.

Both elements in the beauty of industrial art are well illustrated by means of architecture. The primary beauty of architecture is the feeling of perfect adaptation to function embodied in the visible forms of buildings. Thus the Equitable Building (fig. 55) has this beauty in large measure; for any one acquainted with the activities which go on there will find a high degree of adaptation of the building to them. But this is only the prose of architecture. One has only to compare such a building with the Woolworth Building (fig.

56) to realize that not all the possibilities of beauty have been realized. Or compare a New England meeting house with St. Mark's (fig. 2). In the meeting house there is also that adaptation of means to ends which creates the basic but unadorned beauty of architecture—like the beauty of simple prose that says with propriety what is to be said—but there is little there (although something) of that superfluity of meaning so lavishly uttered in St. Mark's, which constitutes the poetry of architecture. For just as poetry through the music of its verse and the suggestiveness of its metaphors arouses a fringe of emotion surrounding and amplifying the obvious meanings of words, so through certain characteristics of its materials and their shapes as such, through decoration and design, architecture may appeal to subtle and complex emotions and interests larger than the practical purpose which it serves. This *plus* of expression, following an ancient comparison, we may call the musical meaning of architecture, because like music it is inarticulate and vague.

The musical beauty of architecture is very complex, but the chief elements are four: pictorial, dynamic, spatial, and formal. I shall devote most of the remainder of this chapter to the study and illustration of it.

By the pictorial beauty of architecture I mean the beauty of those elements which architecture has in common with painting, color and line. Of the beauty of color I shall say very little, since there are no æsthetic problems (although there are technical problems in plenty) connected with its employment in architecture which have not been already discussed, sufficiently for our purposes, in the chapter on painting. In our own architecture today, color has not been employed so freely or so advantageously as in other coun-

Photograph by Wurts Brothers, New York

Fig. 55. The Equitable Building
Madison Avenue, New York

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Fig. 56. The Woolworth Building
New York

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 57. The Temple of Poseidon, Paestum

tries and ages, for well-known reasons. We cannot hope to emulate what has been done with color under the brighter skies and in the more favorable climate of Italy and Greece, except perhaps on the Pacific coast, where attempts in this direction have long been made. Yet personally I am not convinced that a tradition of false sobriety has not had as much to do with the poverty of architectural color as technical difficulties. In the interior of buildings, of course, color assumes superior importance; yet we have nothing comparable with the decoration of a Byzantine church. And generally, with the possible exception of Byzantine and medieval architecture, color has never played the part in architecture that it has in painting. Not only have decorators seldom possessed the fineness of color sense or creative imagination in color of painters, but color is probably incapable of becoming so integral a part of architecture as it is of painting, for all the Byzantine example. A proof of this is the dissociation of color from the Greek style, which finds its parallel in the dissociation of color from sculpture. In neither art is the dissociation felt as an injury. On the contrary, it may be felt as an advantage, because, without elaborate color, form has the greater opportunity to attract attention. Color can never become so essential to architecture as it is, say, to the painting of Renoir. From this point of view we may compare the merely decorative use of color by some of the Florentine painters with its use in architecture.

Line, on the other hand, is always an integral element in architectural beauty. Two types of line may be distinguished: structural lines, which are the lines of fundamental plan and silhouette, and lines which merely decorate. In the history of western architecture, the former have been dominantly

of four types: vertical, horizontal, broken, or curved, illustrated by the Gothic, classic, baroque, and rococo, respectively. Each type possesses its characteristic emotional quality—upspringing, aspiring; reposeful; agitated; playful and graceful. Vertical lines are upspringing and aspiring because the eye follows them up and because we have to 'go up' in order to reach the top of a building; horizontal lines are reposeful because the body becomes horizontal when we rest and the horizontal lines of other things, when sufficiently emphatic, are interpreted by analogy; broken lines are agitated because the attention is constantly interrupted and distracted in following them; while curved lines have their characteristic quality on account of the ease and pleasure of apprehending them and their analogy with the curves of a lovely human body. The other class of lines, decorative lines, while not so important for the fundamental emotional quality of a building, are yet indispensable for its richness and life.

The appeal of line in architecture is almost always associated with the dynamic appeal. As the result of our experience with things, handling and using them, we acquire an almost intuitive feeling for the strength of the materials on the one hand, and for the gravitational forces exerted through them on the other hand. So automatic do these feelings become that some philosophers have supposed that the principles of mechanics were innate, or *a priori*, as if we had a sort of 'mechanical sense.' For example, we feel into everything a certain tendency to fall, when unsupported, and a tendency to exert pressure downward, against a support, in proportion to its weight. These feelings, it must be insisted, are not clearly formulated judgments of the intellect (if they were we

should not be concerned with them in art); they are rather projections into things of our own experiences of reacting to them in a mechanical fashion, or interpretations after the analogy of such reactions. Thus in supporting an object on my shoulders or hand, I feel the tension of my muscles and this strain is reflected back into the object as its own attribute. In this way it acquires a sort of tertiary quality, a weight—not in the abstract meaning of mathematical mechanics, but in the concrete meaning of everyday life, which includes, as I have indicated, our *experiences with* the weight of things. The mathematical meaning is an abstraction from —as well as a reconstruction of—these experiences. That the weight of things is connected with a tendency to move downward, when unsupported, I also learn by experience through watching things move so, and I also read into them something of my own experience when I fall. But, on the other hand, when loads are supported, I interpret the supports in terms of my own experience in resisting pressure: even as the load that exerts pressure has a tendency downward, so the thing that prevents it from falling embodies a counter tendency and movement upward.

In a building these forces are most emphatically revealed in the main structural lines. The horizontal lines indicate the downward force; the vertical lines the upward force. The horizontal lines indicate the downward force of weight because they are parallel with the earth along which all things, including my own body, lie when that force has accomplished its purpose. On the other hand, vertical lines reveal the upward forces because, for one thing, I have to stand upright to counteract my own tendency to fall, and because I learn by experience with things that the stresses that oppose the

downward force of weight are vertical. Hence in a building string courses, parapets, cornices, and friezes show the force of weight, while columns, piers, shafts, pinnacles, towers, and spires exhibit the upward forces.

Although I have discussed the pictorial and the dynamic qualities of lines separately, they are not separate elements of our æsthetic appreciation of architecture, for they fuse into a single total impression. Thus the horizontal lines are not only lines of weight, but of repose, since the body rests when horizontal; while vertical lines are lines of activity and aspiration, as well as upward moving and supporting lines, because in man rising, standing erect, and reaching are the corresponding postures of body. And the dynamic qualities of broken lines are the same as the pictorial, because the breaking and interrupting of whatever forces may be felt into them is inevitably accompanied by a feeling of restlessness and instability.

Schopenhauer* was the first, so far as I know, to conceive of architecture, much as I have been presenting it, as the embodiment of the interplay of two opposed forces, gravitation and cohesion. Next came Lipps† with his 'æsthetic mechanics,' and most recently Geoffrey Scott‡ with his 'architecture of humanism.' The fault of Schopenhauer's conception was his interpretation of the underlying mechanical forces as purely mechanical, neglecting the fact that only as these forces are appreciated in terms of human experience in its concrete fulness can they enter into art. With this cor-

* Arthur Schopenhauer, *World as Will and Idea*, book III, §43, and appendix to book III, §35.

† Theodor Lipps, *Raumästhetik u. Geometrisch-optische Täuschungen*, 1897, and *Grundlegung der Ästhetik*, vol. 2, parts 3 and 4, 1906.

‡ Geoffrey Scott, *The Architecture of Humanism*, 1914.

rection, his view stands as essentially sound. The distinctive fact about architecture is that, within the limits of its practical purpose, it builds up a world of beauty out of our feelings for the mechanical properties of things, just as the painter creates a similar world out of our reactions to color and light, and the musician out of our reactions to sound. No other art can do this. In painting, the lines are usually weightless, and in sculpture, the play of mechanism is confined to the forces resident in the human body. In architecture, the artist has all possible types of stresses and strains at his command, so far as these are resident in the materials he uses and capable of intuitive appreciation by the beholder. This last qualification is of the utmost importance for the understanding of æsthetic mechanics. The forces which only the engineer can appreciate, either because they are very minute and subtle or because they are concealed from view, are outside of the scope of beauty. It is important, moreover, that the interplay of forces be rather emphatic, even exaggerated or distorted from a strictly mechanical point of view. For example, there is little of dynamical beauty in construction in wood, the pictorial taking first place, because we do not appreciate wood as emphatically heavy; there is little also of æsthetic novelty in many modern steel buildings, despite the great mechanical and engineering novelty, because the play of forces is concealed under the facing of stone; while the Greek and the Gothic constructions possess it in high degree because this interplay is clearly revealed to perception.

His practical purpose, to provide a shelter and an arena for the activities of men, does limit the architect, even as Kant observed, in the construction of æsthetic mechanical beauty. Yet despite the limitation imposed by its purpose,

the actual achievements of beautiful architecture show a surprising range of forms. We can perhaps imagine, although we have no examples of it, what an absolutely free art of this kind would be like; an art that would make of architecture what Schlegel called it, frozen music. The architecture that we have is comparable rather to programme music than to absolute music; for as the former is composed to fit a given literary or historical theme, so architecture is constructed with reference to a certain purpose. Nevertheless, architecture is so far free from its programme that, while actually serving it, its beauty can be largely appreciated by those who do not know what the programme is. Thus the fine products of Indian and Chinese architecture are beautiful even to those who know little or nothing of their practical aims.

I wish now to present a brief analysis of some leading architectural styles in order to illustrate the play of humanized mechanical forces.

From the standpoint of æsthetics, all architectural styles may be viewed as developments or differentiations of a plain wall, which is perhaps the simplest thing from a structural point of view, also. There the two forces, vertical and horizontal, are manifest with the utmost freedom from complication. The horizontal dimension of the wall reveals the downward force of weight, while the vertical dimension reveals the upward force that carries the wall and prevents it from collapsing into itself. The relative dominance of the two forces is a function of the relative size of the two dimensions. In a square wall, where they are equal, the two are in equilibrium; in a tall, thin, oblong wall, the vertical dimension is dominant (when the shape approximates that of a tower or column), and the form seems plainly to rise or lift itself up-

right; while in a long, low wall the horizontal force is obviously dominant, with a resulting feeling of stability and repose. The three possibilities here, the square, the oblong on its shorter end, the oblong on its longer end, are among the fundamental architectural forms, from an æsthetic point of view.

Next in importance to the rectangular wall is the triangular wall. Here the manifestation of the opposing upward and downward forces is similar: the former in the vertical dimension and the latter in the horizontal dimension, with the relative length of the two dimensions determining the relative strength of the correlative forces. However, since the vertical forces are concentrated in the center and disappear at the ends of the shape, while the long horizontal line of the base is constant, a low triangular shape produces a distinct impression of downward, almost of falling motion; this is only partly counteracted by the reinforcement of the upward tendency in all triangular shapes, owing to the meeting of the bounding lines of two of the sides in a point at the top, to which the eye tends to ascend.

With the above analysis in mind, let us proceed to the interpretation of the typical Greek construction, as exemplified in the façade of the temple of Poseidon in Pæstum (fig. 57).

Reduced to its simplest terms, the façade of a Greek temple consists of three shapes: the rectangle made by the colonnade, taken as a whole; the low rectangle made by the entablature; and the low-pitched triangular pediment above. The entablature rests on the colonnade and the pediment on the entablature. Each of these parts is admirably distinguished from the others, being in fact almost enframed by the abaci, the cornice, the overhanging ridge, respectively. The

rectangle of the colonnade is, of course, broken up into the six long, narrow, oblong shapes of the columns. This breaking up of the rectangle has the effect of accenting the upward forces in the rectangle, so that, despite the fact that its longer horizontal line expresses repose, it is transformed into the chief seat of vertical, upward-tending forces. The columns, being each far longer than it is broad, seem to rise in order to carry the entire load of the architrave and pediment. The vertical tendency there is accentuated further by the flutings of the columns, which multiply the vertical lines, and by the progressive narrowing of them toward the top, which helps the eye to move upward. The downward force is embodied in the horizontal lines of the two major rectangles: the colonnade as a whole and the entablature, and also by the horizontal line of the base of the pediment. This is emphasized further by the overhanging ridge of the pediment, the lines of cornice and lintel, and the hanging guttæ and mutules. The equilibrium of the two forces is reached in the abaci, where the entablature is directly carried by the columns. There is, however, no single point of conflict between them, for the opposing forces are present everywhere, thereby producing an effect of great life and elasticity. For example, the downward force manifests itself in the widened base of the columns, in the cushion-like, elastic shape of the echinus, and in the horizontal lines of the abaci; while the upward force is continued beyond the columns into the entablature itself, which has to support the weight of the pediment, showing itself in the vertical lines of the triglyphs and in the tendency of the eye to follow the ascending lines of the triangular pediment to their point of meeting above.

The differences in feeling between the different styles of

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 58. The North Porch of the Erechtheum, Athens

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 59. The Temple of Minerva Assisi

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 60. The Colosseum, Rome

Greek temple, while not important, are worthy of remark. The Ionic form (fig. 58) is commonly more delicate and elastic than the Doric (fig. 57). This is due to the use of longer and slenderer columns, which emphasize the vertical tendency; to the coiled volutes which seem to act like a spring against the superincumbent mass; and to the recessing of the architrave, which has the effect of easing the weight of the pediment by breaking its downward thrust. The conflict of the two forces is concentrated in the volutes instead of in the abacus, as in the Doric; and yet, as in the Doric also, the conflict is not confined to this point, for the spreading moulded base of the columns shows that the downward force is present even there, and the dentils of the frieze prove that the upward force is continued in the other direction. The Corinthian order (fig. 59) is less vivid and elastic than the Ionic, owing to the reduction in the size of the volutes, the reappearance of the abacus, and the hiding of the bell of the echinus with the acanthus leaf; and also less sturdy than the Doric with its unsupported columns, its clearly perceptible bell, and plain, rectangular abacus. And every one feels, I think, that the Doric is the best balanced of the three.

The analysis of the Roman style requires a consideration of the arch (fig. 60), which was its most characteristic feature. If we replace our hypothetical wall by an arch, certain obvious changes in the relation of the upward and downward forces result. As with the replacement by means of columns, the vertical force is strongly accented, first, by the upward movement of the curving sides of the arch, second, as a result of the smaller area and consequent diminished weight to be carried, and, third, by the upward movement of the pier, often replaced by the column; the total result being a

much greater lightness and agility. The downward force is, of course, not eliminated; for it manifests itself in the diameter of the arch and in the horizontal line of the impost, which, corresponding to the abacus, indicates the place where the conflict between horizontal and vertical is concentrated. However, instead of a balance between the two forces being achieved there, as in the Greek construction, the vertical force is victorious; for it is not arrested at the impost, but continues throughout the entire construction in the upward curving line of the arch. That nevertheless the upward force does not have its way entirely or at once, is shown by the form of the arch itself. At the impost, the entire weight of the arch is manifest in the full diameter of the arc; the gradual diminution of this weight is revealed in the progressive shortening of the chord of the arc, and only at the apex is the horizontal line entirely eliminated and victory achieved.

When the arch is combined with an entablature and enframed by engaged columns, there results a combination of pure arched forms with Greek elements having its own unique feeling and beauty. There is an enhanced richness of effect owing to the new complications; in general, an increase of the feeling of balance; for the emphasis on the feeling of verticality in the columns is offset by the weight of the entablature. It is true, of course, that the engaged columns are structurally functionless, but they are not æsthetically ineffective. When arches are superposed, the upward movement proceeds by stages, beginning anew at each story. Further differences depend upon the relative height of arches and supporting columns and piers. The vertical force is greater, other things being equal, in proportion to the height of the

Photograph by Neurdein Frères

Fig. 61. Amiens Cathedral

latter, while the horizontal is increased when the arches are flat.

The story of the development of the Roman style in early Christian, Byzantine, and Romanesque architecture belongs to the history of architecture, not to general æsthetics. There are, however, certain elements in these newer styles which were productive of novel effects in æsthetic dynamics. One of these was the springing of the arches direct from the columns, thus making the latter structurally as well as æsthetically effective; another was the use of the dosseret (fig. 62), interposed between the arch and the abacus, which has the effect of breaking the weight of the one and lending support to the other; a third is the introduction of arcades and intersecting vaults, where a single column acts as a support for two or more arches. The result of all these devices is an increased unification, lightness, and airiness of the wall space; for the vertical force in each column flows in a divided stream into the triangular piece of masonry between, and over into the territory of the neighboring arch, linking one with another, like hands joined in a dance. Thus the columns, instead of dividing the arches, as in the original Roman form, unite them. A similar effect in three dimensions occurs in the Byzantine dome on pendentives, only there the triangular members, instead of supporting a wall or gallery, balance the upward thrust of a dome. The use of clusters of columns to support an arch or, as in St. Mark's (fig. 2), the use of superposed columns, has the effect of emphasizing the upward force, yet at the same time signalizes the need of such emphasis, in order to support the superincumbent weight. Great vitality is imparted by the use of concentric arches, as in the portal of San Pietro Toscanella or in St. Mark's. The

upward force is also increased by the use of narrow arches on long columns, or by the application of these to the walls directly, without any openings. The total effect of these devices in the domed Byzantine churches like St. Mark's, with its soaring spires, is a lightness and splendor rivaling the Gothic. In the Romanesque development, on the other hand, as in the Duomo at Pisa, for example, a certain squarish gravity remains.

None of this survives in a pure Gothic edifice like the cathedral at Amiens (fig. 61), which embodies the complete triumph of the vertical over the horizontal tendency. This is manifest in the mere use of the pointed instead of the round arch; for whereas in the latter the vertical diameter is only equal to the horizontal, it is greater in the pointed. Both within and without, the wall has almost disappeared. Outside, it has been supplanted by rich sculpture, exterior arcades, windows, clustered towers, and spires. Within, it has been transformed into the ascending piers of the vaults, resting on slender columns, and provided with vertical ribs, sometimes running all the way from the floor to the apex of the roof; or, when the wall remains, it has been greatly reduced by the use of arcades and windows. Everywhere the vertical tendency is emphasized at the expense of the horizontal. Not that the latter has disappeared entirely, but that it has ceased to function independently. The vaults have, of course, their own weight which must be carried, and the higher they were made, the greater was the weight to be carried; the outward thrust from this had to be compensated by supporting piers and buttresses; but the buttresses themselves, with their vertical piers and arches, repeat and reinforce the verticality of the main construction. There is still the horizontal line

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 62. Interior of S. Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 63. The Library, Venice

of the base, but that is like a springboard from which the structure rises as a whole; galleries, arcades, and mouldings follow horizontal lines, but these indicate only incidental pauses or resting points in the upward rush of the fundamental verticals.

Renaissance and post-Renaissance architecture, with their dependence on the antique, introduced little that was new into æsthetic mechanics, until the end of the period in the baroque and the rococo. Nevertheless, some minor points of novelty deserve attention. First, in the early Florentine Renaissance we notice a reversal of the relation between whole and parts. In the classic style the whole is built of parts additively assembled, each part a self-sufficient thing, co-operating indeed with the other parts, but never losing its identity there. In the Strozzi Palace (fig. 64), on the other hand, using this building as an illustration, the arches are rather openings in the wall than independently functioning members, and the wall rises as a whole to its overhanging cornice, despite the division into stories. In the later Renaissance, however, when the classical ideas were more rigidly formulated and self-consciously applied, there is a clearer isolation of the members and a more additive relation among them. Compare, for example, the Strozzi Palace with the Library in Venice (fig. 63), where the windows are sharply set off from one another by the enframing columns. However, the richness and abundance of detail has the effect of scattering the forces and reëstablishing the unity of the wall.

In the baroque the reëstablishment of unity is complete. One has only to compare the Library in Venice with the central pavilion of the Zwinger building in Dresden (fig. 66) to observe how far the advance in unification has

proceeded. This is the result partly of the abundance of ornamental detail, partly of the breaking of the horizontal division between the two stories by the cartouche over the central opening, and partly by the concentration of the upward forces of the building in the upward curving of the crowning roof. Another means of increasing unification is the use of engaged columns running up all the way from the base to the top of the building, as in the Neues Palais at Potsdam. The increased unification has the effect of accenting the upward force, which is further emphasized by the curving silhouette of the upper part of many baroque buildings. Something of the Gothic soaring is to be detected in the Heinrichsbau in Heidelberg (fig. 65). But the most unique feature of baroque buildings is the use of broken and curving lines in the horizontal divisions between the stories, in the plan of the entire building and the outline of crowning members, as in San Carlino alle Quattro Fontane (fig. 67). A feeling of superabundant vitality, sometimes playful, sometimes agitated, such as was never before felt in the architecture of our civilization, results.*

On the inside of a building there is the same interplay of forces as on the outside, in a dome, for example, as in an arch, only it takes place in three dimensions, instead of in two, and is consequently more complicated. Some of the possibilities have already been considered, and the rest, being of the same sort, may be neglected. But I must call attention to one effect peculiar to interiors—a space or volume effect, for this is one of the most characteristic and astonishing

* Compare the discussions of architecture in H. Wölfflin, *Kunstgeschichtliche-Grundbegriffe,* and P. Frankl, *Die Entwicklungsphasen der neueren Baukunst,* 1914.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 64. Strozzi Palace, Florence

Photograph by Karl Ernst Osthaus Archiv

Fig. 65. Heinrichsbau, Heidelberg

beauties of architecture. I have already mentioned it, though briefly, in the chapter on painting. For through its ability to represent space, painting is also able to produce this effect, although by illusion only, since one cannot actually get inside of a picture, as one can get inside of the four walls and roof of a building. The effect of which I am thinking is the impression created by being enclosed in a space of a certain size and shape. Every one has experienced the difference in one's feelings on going from a large to a small room or from a room with a flat roof to one with a gabled or domed roof. Equally real, though more subtle, differences result from the change from a circular to a square room, and vice versa.

The general principle for the explanation of these differences has already been suggested: the imagined possibilities of movement within enclosed spaces are projected into the latter; which then differ according to differences in the former. The application of this principle to the various types of enclosure is as follows. There are four chief types: the longitudinal-horizontal, as in an aisle; the longitudinal-vertical, as in a tower; the radial-horizontal, illustrated by every equilateral plan—triangle, square, regular polygon, circle—with a flat roof of ordinary height; and, finally, the radial-vertical, where the roof is either gabled, vaulted, or domed. Now the quality of the feeling of these forms is due fundamentally to the kind and direction of motion which they permit to a person whose activities are carried on within them. The feeling of longitudinal-horizontal forms is that of motion, continued but not upward; of the longitudinal-vertical, it is of simple motion upward, as in a tower. In the radial forms there is a feeling of freedom of rotary motion; the eye is carried around the enclosure freely and returns to

the starting point, suggesting a similar movement of the whole body. There is, I believe, a marked tendency for a person on entering a longitudinal room, either to stand still and look upward, when the enclosure is vertical, or else first to look in one direction and then to turn square round and look in the other direction, when the enclosure is horizontal; whereas, in the case of radial forms, one tends to turn gradually around. Of the radial forms, the square is the least satisfactory, being felt as monotonous and flat, while the hexagonal and pentagonal are felt to be less restful than the circular, where there are no angles to interrupt the easy motion of the attention from one point to another. The superiority of arched, gabled, and domed roofs lies, of course, in the upward motion which they suggest, imparting a sense of freedom in the vertical direction absent from the flat roof, which unavoidably bears, if ever so lightly, upon one's head. The movement of the gabled roof is more sudden and decisive than in an arched form, where the vertical tendency is only gradually overcome; unique in its impressiveness is the domed roof, as in the Panthéon (fig. 68), where the eye can wander freely without ever finding a resting place—a structure which provides something of the peace and security of the open sky.

Another respect in which the comparison between architecture and music is valid is the obviousness of the design of each. All the principles which we studied in the second chapter are abundantly and clearly illustrated. The organic unity of architecture is partly a matter of the subordination of all parts to the one purpose of the building, and partly the result of pure æsthetic design, which, while it need not conflict with the purposive unity, is independent of it. I wish

Photograph by Karl Ernst Osthaus Archiv

Fig. 66. Central Pavilion, Zwinger Building, Dresden

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 67. Church of San Carlino, Quattro Fontane, Rome

briefly to call attention to a few elements of the latter.* From the standpoint of pure design, the architectural theme is a characteristic line or shape, as, for example, the semicircle of the Roman or the triangle of the Gothic style. Thematic repetition is illustrated by the recurrence of this form in various parts of the building—windows, doors, gables, towers; thematic transposition is illustrated when the same shape recurs in members of different size and use. In the façade of the cathedral of Amiens (fig. 61), for example, we find the same general shape in the openings of the galleries, in the doorways, spires, and towers. Again, all the openings of each gallery are of the same size; so are the windows in each tower; while the miniature spires which flank the doorways, while they have the same general shape, have not the size of the towers; the doorways on the side have the same shape as the main doorway, but again not the same size.

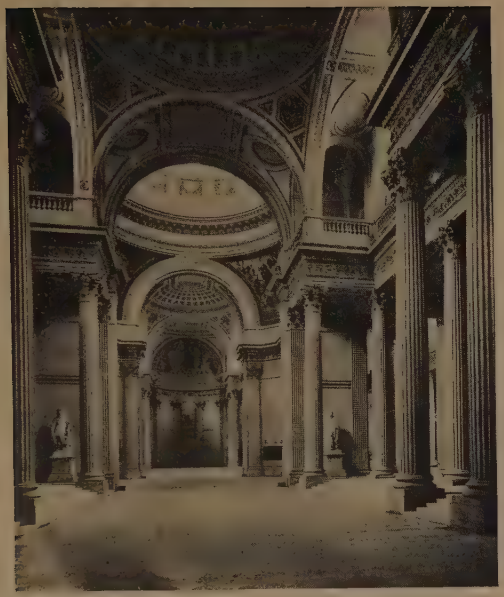
A subtler illustration of the same principles is proportionality. The simplest case of proportionality is the existence of a definite numerical relation between the parts of a building one to another, or between the parts and the whole. Thus the existence of a module or unit in the proportions of the parts of a Greek façade, where each part is some simple multiple of the module; or the identity between the proportions of the windows, the space between the columns, and the proportions of the entire building in the Petit Trianon (fig. 69), are simple illustrations of proportionality. Every architect is familiar with an abundance of further illustrations.

Balance in a building may be either pictorial or dynamic. The simplest example of the former is symmetry, where there

*I have treated this matter somewhat more at length in my *Principles of Æsthetics*, pp. 324-331.

is correspondence between right and left parts of the structure, as in the cathedral at Amiens. For the intuition of symmetry, there must be some clearly defined axis, marked by some central member, like the main doorway or the rose window of the cathedral. Radial symmetry is illustrated by the plan of a hexagonal chapel. Minor deviations from exact symmetry do not interfere with balance provided there is general correspondence between right and left halves, and may impart a certain life and piquancy to compensate. Once again the façade at Amiens may serve to illustrate. Pictorial balance is also created by the use of sharply contrasting shapes, as the arch, the square, and the triangle. Of dynamic balance, many illustrations may be found in the Greek style, as our discussion of it revealed. Other illustrations would be the balance between the opposing thrusts of a vault, or the balance between the vault and the buttress.

Although one naturally looks to the temporal arts for illustrations of rhythm and evolution, they exist abundantly in architecture. For, static though a building is, æsthetic perception inevitably transforms it into something living and dynamic. There is, for example, a rhythm for moving eye and attention in the intervals of a Greek colonnade, or in the ascent from the base to the roof of a building that has well-marked stories or other divisions. And there is a distinct feeling of dramatic climax when the eye reaches the belfry of a tower after a long ascent, or finds the altar in the apse at the end of the aisle or nave, or discovers the lantern above the dome of a Renaissance chapel.



Photograph by Levy

Fig. 68. Interior of the Panthéon, Paris

Photograph by Levy

Fig. 69. Le Petit Trianon, Versailles

CHAPTER VI

THE FUNCTION OF ART

JUDGED by common estimates, the place of art in human life is equivocal. By some it has been extravagantly praised, by others, condemned; viewed at one time as the salvation of man, at another reduced to the status of a superfluity, a luxury; conceived now as fiction, or even as a lie, it is yet honored as the chief source of truth; loved as an inspiration to goodness, it is nevertheless spurned as a temptation to all that is evil. Moreover, these differing appraisals are not the isolated opinions of thinkers at transient periods of history; they are perennial. It is probable therefore that they contain some elements of truth; for points of view that will not die have a basis in fact, even when opposed to each other. However necessary error and fiction are to man, he does not accept them without something to go on; he has a reason, genuine if inadequate, for believing. The paradoxical position of art thus challenges investigation, and in this, our final chapter, I shall try to define the value of art and discover the ground of the paradox. In order to do this, we must study art in its relation to allied activities, and everything we have established so far will be relevant.

For orientation, we must recur to the two levels of human activity distinguished in the first chapter. On the one plane, as we saw, man satisfies his interests by changing his environment; on the other, he obtains a satisfaction of them within his own mind and body, in a sphere which, in a broad sense, we have called imagination. The one is the world of so-

called real life; the other the realm of dream, play, art, and religion. A preliminary study of the relations of art to each of the other forms of imaginative activity will help us toward our goal of understanding the purpose of art. We shall find that art serves something of the function of each, yet has besides its own unique function and use.

In some ways the most perfect form of imagination is the dream. For the dream is nothing except imagination. During the dream there is almost no contact between the dreamer and reality. In sleep the eyes are closed; the portals of the other senses are very nearly shut close; and the rest of the body simulates death in its rigidity and unresponsiveness. In sleep all the activities characteristic of waking life are at a standstill. Yet just at this time, there is an intense activity of another sort, and even in the most prosaic and matter-of-fact minds there occur visions of extraordinary richness and inventiveness. And if the dreamer is left to dream his dream to the end, his satisfaction is absolute; he has his way completely in his little world within himself. He is not troubled by any contrast between the dream and something that claims to be reality, as he who plays or enjoys a work of art may be; for him dream is reality; nor is there any difficult material to master or any intricate skill to acquire; the sleeper is as God, omnipotent creator of a world out of nothing. In many of these particulars the day-dream is an analogous, albeit not so perfect, example of imagination. In the day-dream also there is no contact between dreamer and reality; his attitude is likewise fixed and rigid, and even though his eyes be open and he hears and feels, he does not respond, but remains rapt in his dream. And because of this dissociation from reality and action, the day-dream, like the dream

at night, appears as something not produced and directed by the dreamer, but given to him as from another world, by inspiration; something that he undergoes, rather than does. Yet in the day-dream there is less complete dissociation than in the dream at night; hence the day-dreamer is vaguely aware that his dream is a dream and not reality.

For all its perfection as pure imagination, the dream suffers from many defects when judged by the standards of waking life. Being a fabric of mere images, it cannot satisfy our interest in the world of the senses; we cannot help preferring the vividness of actual color and sound to their echoes in the imagination. Moreover, since—in the dream at night at least—there is complete dissociation, the dream claims to be reality, and is therefore condemned as illusion on waking. In the dream at night the attitude is not so much the 'as if' as the 'is'; it is judgment, not supposition; hence it makes itself subject to the tests and corrections of further experience. Moreover, as we have already noticed, the dream is absolutely private; it has no social importance; it is of no interest when told to other persons, except as a curiosity, or, to the physician, as a symptom of mental disease. It does not provide any means of self-expression to the hearer. Finally, the dream at night expresses and satisfies our wishes only in their most primitive and undisciplined form; experience dominated by thought and tradition—which we call culture—is ignored. In his dreams man is a savage, never a civilized human being. While many of the conflicts dramatized in the dream are due to the repressions imposed by civilization, the dream is never on the side of civilization.

Most, though not all, of these defects belong to the day-dream, also. The day-dream is in closer touch with our

civilized, organized experience, because it expresses our wishes as they have been moulded and directed by the process of living. For example, the errand boy who day-dreams that he is president of the bank is satisfying a wish that corresponds to his present position and work in the world, a wish capable, therefore, of fulfilment in action. How different is the dream at night, which expresses either half-buried infantile wishes incapable of actual realization because out of relation to life as it is organized, or else wishes in so childlike a form that they, too, are ineffectual. As a sample of the latter, I would cite the case of a girl who dreamed that her rival was dead. The dream obviously expressed the wish that the rival die, although the dreamer liked the rival very much, and never under any circumstances would have put the wish into effect. Since the day-dream does express clearly formulated and relevant wishes, it is impossible not to feel that the satisfaction of them belongs within life itself, not within the dream. Only the weakling, we feel, is content with the day-dream. In other words, for all its momentary pleasantness, the day-dream is valuable not so much for its own sake as for being a premonition of, and incentive to, life and action; it cannot take the place of these. The bitterness that attaches to day-dreams unfulfilled proves this.

In play, most of the defects of the dream are overcome. But before we consider how this is true, we must first make sure that play does, in fact, belong to the world of the imagination. Most obviously imaginative are the fantasy or illusion plays of children; for the two fundamental characteristics of imagination, the 'as if' attitude and the substitute satisfaction of wishes, are clearly present there. To

borrow the illustration of Bleuler,* for the child who sails the thermometer in the bathtub, it is as if the thermometer were a boat and he were sailing in it; as for the little girl, it is as if the doll were a baby and she its mother. Ask the little girl how her doll is and she will indignantly reply that it is not a doll, but a baby. And from his make-believe the boy derives an imaginative satisfaction of his wish to sail a boat, as the little girl gets a similar satisfaction for her budding maternal interest. There is, apparently, no such thing as a play instinct; for play is only a certain mode—one of the imaginative modes—of satisfying any interest. And the ultimate reason for the unremitting play of children is the fact that they lack the developed organs and the appropriate environment for the realization of their wishes.

Other forms of play, especially the play of adults, while not so obviously belonging to the sphere of the imagination, can be shown to belong there when imagination is interpreted in the enlarged sense of the first chapter. A game of tennis or golf, for example, despite the fact that it involves many reactions to the environment, does not have the significance for the individual of the usual adjustments, because no life-preserving function and no social ambition are directly furthered by them; or if they are, the game ceases to be play and, as something professional, becomes a species of 'work.' The prime significance of genuine sport, as of the dream, is contained within the circumscribed activities of mind and body involved, not in any results, however beneficial. All that was said of the dance as a mode of imagination applies here. That wishes are realized in play of this kind needs no

*See his address at the opening of the Phipps Psychiatric Institute at Johns Hopkins, 1913.

proof. In all out-of-door games impulses to movement, unsatisfied by actions required in the performance of duty, find an outlet. The sedentary habits of civilized man, with the exception of the workingman, leave untouched a store of muscular energy which is tapped and canalized in play. And in indoor games, as chess and bridge, as well as in most out-of-door games, where one individual or group of individuals is pitted against another, opportunities are provided for the satisfaction of the desire for victory and for the 'play' of unused mental faculties. What seems to differentiate play of this kind from fantasy play is the apparent absence of the attitude of make-believe. Yet in no example of play is this attitude entirely lacking; for in all play there is a simulation of the earnestness of real life. A game is always a mock battle; the very same interests that are exploited in real life are exploited in play of all kinds; hence the attitude in play cannot fail to resemble that of real life. In play there is a conflict precisely parallel to the conflict between belief and disbelief which we saw was the distinguishing mark of the 'as if' attitude, namely, a conflict between the exercise of instinct, which corresponds to belief, and the only partial appropriateness of the medium upon which instinct is exercised, which corresponds to unbelief. The cat playing with the spool illustrates this: he is exercising all the activities appropriate to real prey, but upon an object which is not prey. So in playing chess, I am exercising all my wits to circumvent my opponent, only instead of doing so on the field of battle, or in the market-place, I am operating on a chess-board. Play may be defined, in fact, as the exercise of instincts in a partially false or incompletely adequate environment. There are always some elements in common between the real and the

play environment; the doll looks like a baby, the thermometer will float, the bathtub contains water, and so on; but obviously, in each of these cases, other elements of the real situation are lacking in the play situation. The play situation gives a partial, but never a complete, set of stimuli for the exercise of the instinct. When play is viewed in this comprehensive way, it becomes clear, as Lange asserted, that to every form of real life there may correspond a form of play.

We may therefore take it as proved, I think, that play is one form, along with dream and art, of imaginative activity. I wish next to point out the differences between dream and play, and the reasons for the superiority of the latter, leading to a comparison of both with art.

One great difference between them is that whereas the dream is wholly a fabric of images, play is an attempt somehow to realize the dream in the outer world. The boy is not content to dream that he is sailing a boat, he actually sails his toy one; he is not content to day-dream that he is a man like his father, he imitates his father's demeanor and pursuits. It is a not too hazardous supposition that play precedes the day-dream in the history of the individual, and that we dream because, when we grow up, we are too busy or shy or dignified to play. The complete privacy of the day-dream makes it a superior vehicle for the realization of the vagrant and secret wishes that develop with the growth of self-consciousness and an 'inner' life. But by way of compensation, the entrance of imagination into the sense world in play not only confers upon it a welcome element of reality and vividness, but makes possible a sharing of imagination with our fellow men. We can play together, but we cannot day-dream

or night-dream together. Play thus becomes a semblance of social life with its coöperation and its rivalry. Hence its moral uses and hence also its profound significance from the point of view of mere expression.

The great weakness of play as a mode of expression comes, however, from the very fact that it does involve action. For as action, it has to be definitely limited or it will pass from the play to the real mode of behavior; it must be halted at the point where there are no consequences. Thus if I play at fighting, care must be taken that no wounds are inflicted; if I play at making love, I must make sure that no hearts are broken. The animal may growl, but he must not bite. "I am only playing" almost means that I am doing or saying something that has no fateful consequences. Hence in its play mode action is incomplete and the wish is not fully realized. There are, nevertheless, compensations; for the incompleteness of play as a mode of action is the condition for its characteristic freedom. It makes play as an end in itself possible. Of course every valuable activity is an end in itself in the sense that it yields its own peculiar delight; but it cannot be esteemed for this alone when it has important consequences. But play is good just for itself, neither hurtful nor directly useful, and because there are no evil consequences to fear or rewards so great that one cannot afford to renounce them, one is free to play or not to play as one chooses. There is not the same immediate compulsion to play as there is to engage in the business of life, with its duties and ambitions. That there is, on the other hand, a general compulsion to play, just as imperative, is without question, the grounds for which we shall consider presently. Yet because play involves a social situation, there are limits to its freedom. For it is easy to pass

from play to earnestness, as animals sometimes do when they fail to sheathe their claws, or as sportsmen do when they professionalize their activities; and the coöperation demanded by the teamwork of play imposes restrictions on the individual. There are the laws of the game to which all must conform. Play demands fair play; in the dream alone can we be completely irresponsible.

In most important regards, art stands midway between the dream and play. We have already, in the first chapter, shown some of the important resemblances to the dream and differences from it. We saw that art, like the dream, was a mode of imaginative activity, and that it provided substitute satisfactions of desire. But art, unlike the dream, builds its dream in the sense world, and prepares it for communication and appreciation by the fellow mind. From this point of view, art was defined as the communicable essence of a dream. By reason of these two characteristics—its social nature and its sensuous embodiment—art stands nearer to play than to dream in the usual sense. So close to play has art seemed to some thinkers that they have defined art as a species of play. The analogies between the two have been strikingly pictured, notably by Schiller, Groos, and Lange.* It will help us to understand the function of art and serve at the same time to eliminate many misconceptions if we run over, at the risk of some repetition, the principal resemblances and differences between the two. The result will be to show that, for all the resemblance to play, art should be sharply differentiated, except in certain border-line cases.

The social character of both art and play has already been mentioned, but the analogies here are so interesting that we

* See the references in the first chapter.

must pursue them further. Although the child, like the adult, will sometimes play alone, he much prefers a playmate. And even when playing by himself, the child will create, in the doll or toy soldier, an imagined companion. In similar fashion, as Guyau* observed, the artist creates for himself an extension of his social world, an ideal companionship in the mind. Even when he seems to be most alone, as in creative activity or rapt appreciation, he is communing with an imagined fellow. And for all the artist's boast that he creates for the sake of his own enjoyment of the beautiful, he cannot conceal his craving for appreciation. Keats asserted that he would write his poems just the same even if the work of each day were destroyed every evening, and so he probably would have done; but we know how sensitive he was to the reception of his work at the hands of the critics. Art is communication as well as expression; the artist and a public, however restricted, even if no larger than a tiny coterie of admirers, are correlative. And there comes a moment, usually after rather than during appreciation, when we want to share our experiences of beauty with others, and compare our critical judgments upon them. To play, also, an audience may be an adjunct, although not necessary, as in art. In childhood, in fact, when everybody plays, the spectator is usually felt to be a nuisance; the distinction between those who watch and those who do the playing arises chiefly in sport, which is a grown-up form of play, suitable to the specialization of adult life. Here, therefore, in tracking out one point of resemblance between art and play we have come upon a difference. The social character of art is partly group communion with an ideal life in the imagination, and partly communication between artist

* J. M. Guyau, *L'Art au point de vue sociologique,* part I, chaps. I-IV.

and appreciator; while in play, everybody stands in the position of the artist, and its social character consists in the co-operative creation of the game. There is no single dominating personality, as in art.

Again, in both play and art there are certain principles—the rules of the game, the conventions of the art—which are accepted in either case, yet without the least feeling of constraint, for the reason that they are freely created by the artist or the player and are recognized as indispensable to the existence of the game or the work of art, respectively. For example, when we play chess we are perfectly willing to conform to the rules of the game because we recognize that without the rules the game could not exist; and when we dance we do not feel it a constraint to dance in step with the music and with our partner; nor does any one who understands them resent the conventions of the theater. If we do not like the rules of chess, we can make other rules, only then we shall be creating a new game; even as the dancer may dance to a new rhythm or the dramatist may create a new type of drama, with its own conventions corresponding. The artist and the player can never get rid of conventions altogether; they can only substitute new ones for old ones. Yet the possibility of this provides both with all the freedom they want. How different is the situation in social and moral life, where conventions and laws, backed by force, often do not express the common, intelligent will of all, but the caprices, fanaticism, or selfishness of powerful leaders and groups, and are therefore felt to be irksome and unjust by strong personalities, who are, nevertheless, not strong enough to change them!

The existence of conventions in art and play distinguishes

both from the dream. The necessity for them depends obviously upon the fact that both make contact with the material and social worlds, play in action, and art through its medium. Play has to conform itself to the physical characters of its instruments and arena—the field and the ball, for example, in football—and since play requires a playmate, it involves a social situation, a group, but no group, not even a play group, can function successfully without rules. The artist also works in the physical world of his medium, which, for all its plasticity, is never utterly pliable; hence he has to work within its limits, which define some of the conventions of his art. He must also make himself intelligible to his audience, and that creates other conventions. Yet neither the artist nor the good sport feels these conventions to be irksome, for the reasons already given, and for this one also, that they provide him an opportunity to display his mastery. In both art and play we find the phenomenon of virtuosity—mastery of technique—which may be as astonishing perhaps in play as in art. For all that I know, the technique of the expert billiardist may be as difficult as that of the pianist. In both, finally, the conventions and the technique become a tradition, carefully guarded. They thus become historical as well as social activities. How different is the dream, which is utterly irresponsible, and devoid of history and tradition!

Lange* has called attention to still another interesting analogy between play and art—the correspondence between the toy and the 'work of art.' The doll, he says, is for the child what the statue is for the grown-up. The imagination of the child is stimulated by and centered in an object; but so also is the imagination of the artist; as in sculpture, I have

* Konrad Lange, *Das Wesen der Kunst.*

to imagine that the statue is a man, so in play I have to imagine that the doll is a baby. And in either case, some resemblance between the thing and what the thing is imagined to be gives support to the imagination. This resemblance may be very slight, as in modern art or as when the small boy employs a stick for a musket, yet some resemblance exists; the stick is enough like a musket to be thrown over the shoulder, and even the Nude Descending the Stairs (fig. 70) or Picabia's Dance at the Spring is felt to possess something of the motion of the real body. Even in the play of animals, the imaginative re-creation of physical things is a notable fact; we have only to recall the cat playing with the spool. 'Toyland' is to the child or the animal what books and museums are to grown-ups.

Over against these significant points of resemblance there are differences no less important. To me one of the most impressive of these is the relative abstractness of play as compared with art. Against the authority of Schiller's famous pronouncement, that man is a whole man only when he plays (*Der Mensch ist nur da ganz wo er spielt*), I should claim that in play he is usually only a fragment of himself, and the reason why he feels himself to be 'all there' (*da ganz*) is that in play he forgets so much of himself and unifies the remainder. For example, the experience of playing tennis is almost wholly a matter of neuromuscular responses; the sentiments, the memories, the entire riches of personality of the player, are irrelevant to the game and are forgotten by the players. The same is true of the more intellectual types of games like chess; they express a certain very abstract intelligence, nothing more. Upon the fact that so much of ourselves remains in abeyance during play depends a good deal

of its restfulness; for it is helpful at times to be rid of ourselves; but it limits the significance of play as an expression of the self. Not in play but in art is man a whole man. For everything that has entered into the experience of the artist affects his art, nothing is lost; and as a man is, such is his appreciation of art. Although art appeals to the generalized interest of the spectator, it does so through a highly individualized content; it is ever the elaboration of some personal problem or vivid experience of the artist. Hence from art we get insight into concrete human nature and its values, while from play we get little. The difference between art and play in this regard is like the difference between farce and comedy—compare Avery Hopwood with Molière; from the one we derive amusement, from the other, amusement also, but so much of insight besides. Hence our estimation of art as on a higher plane of value than sport, and of the artist as superior to the entertainer or sportsman.

However, I have, undoubtedly, overstated the case in favor of art. The fantasy play of the child in particular possesses some of the concreteness of art and the dream; for there the child mind and personality, the whole child, is expressed. In childhood the line between play and art is not so sharp as it is in adulthood. The little girl's doll may become the incarnation of her central dream and desire. (We may recall that Tolstoy thought the china doll the highest work of civilized art!) And even in his out-of-door games, where imagination is less abundantly displayed than in indoor games, the child puts more of himself than we commonly put into our sport. Moreover, it is hardly true that no insight into human nature can be derived from play; for much understanding of the functions of coöperation and rivalry in groups

Photograph by Carl Klein

Fig. 70. The Nude Descending the Stairs, by Marcel Duchamp

Collection of Earl Horter

can be obtained; but this insight is very general. Yet granting all these facts, the relative abstractness of play, even of the play of the child, still stands. This becomes apparent when we compare the toy with the work of art. As a rule, one toy of a kind will be as good as any other; one doll or toy soldier will take the place of any other; but every work of art is unique. In writing this, I do not forget the children who love a particular rag doll better than all the fine dolls in the shops; but the significance of such a doll is incommunicable to other children, and hence is beyond the realm of art. Nor do I forget the occasions, remembered by every one, when play has absorbed all energies and emotion, and become as rich as poetry and music. But these are exceptions that prove the rule. And when we keep in mind that within the realm of art the entire pageant of human culture, from the earliest civilization to the present time, has found permanent form and appreciation, we shall not be tempted to deny the relative superficiality of play.

This leads me to notice another and not unrelated contrast. In art we appropriate a world, while in play we construct one; in the one case we enter into a rich and varied experience already prepared for us by the artist, while in the other we are left, very largely, to our own resources and devices. Art is discovery, the shock of contact with a hitherto unknown and strange reality—which nevertheless becomes on acquaintance mysteriously familiar and intimate, like our first knowledge of the woman we love; there is always the duality of ourselves and beauty, which, diminishing gradually as appreciation deepens, yet never vanishes quite; while in play, there is just ourselves, absorbed in the activity of the moment. And this contrast holds not only for the spectator of a work of

art as against the player in a game; it holds also, though less sharply perhaps, for the artist as well. For, as we have remarked, following the observations of many students, even the creator of works of art has the experience oftentimes as if he were merely recording things that were revealed to him, instead of himself creating them.

A final difference consists in the relative absence from play of beauty in the narrower sense of charm and expressiveness of the medium, and design or harmony of the elements. Compare the doll with the statue. The ugliest rag of a doll will serve the purpose of a toy. Of course there are gorgeous things to be bought in a shop, but it is doubtful if they be better. And I do not deny grace and coördination, rhythm and dramatic point, to a game of tennis; but who would claim that these are as perfectly achieved there as they are, for example, in the dance? Since play is action, not contemplation, the sensuous qualities of its instruments and arena, and the sheer form of its activities, are unnoticed; as in practical life, so long as the goal of action is achieved, little attention is paid to the sensations attending the actions necessary to achievement. Plain wooden chessmen are as useful for the game as the most delicately carved Chinese ivories; for the chessmen are designed primarily to be used, not to be looked at; in other words, our interest in the ivories is an æsthetic interest, not a play interest.

Yet for all the difference between them, play, art, and dream, in the narrow sense, have, as forms of imagination, an identical function. This function came to our notice in our first chapter, when we were defining art: the function of absorbing the excess of our wishes and emotions. Not all the energy of our wishes and emotions is given scope in personal

and social 'real' life; an unused portion remains. Few people, I should suppose, are unaware of this with regard to themselves; the consciousness of the possession of powers and longings unsatisfied except at rare moments of intense emotion and action is a common characteristic of civilized mentality. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the development of the human being is uneven, and there survive into adulthood infantile types of attitude and method incapable of fulfilment because out of keeping with the pattern of developed life. If we may trust Freud, these archaisms are especially notable with regard to sex, but they are present in other elements of the mind as well. Comparable to these archaisms of personal development are archaisms of social growth; habits and interests corresponding to earlier phases of social development survive into a new social order or in despite of changed customs and laws. Such, for example—for the time being at least—are the drinking habits of American citizens frustrated by the legal order imposed by the prohibitionists, or, in Europe, the demands of a disinherited aristocracy. More important are the repressions of instinct due to the adoption of a civilized and largely urban mode of life: the repression of man's natural egoism, his tendency to violence when interfered with or excited, his wandering sex interest, and his animal liking for an open-air manner of living. Civilization can never succeed in subduing to its pattern the 'natural' man. Most important of all is the radical mobility, inconstancy, and enormity of all human interests, which renders every life-pattern transient, insufficient, and to some degree repressive. It may be that one type of social organization is better adapted than another to provide scope for all of man's nature—just as one mode of life

may be better for an individual man than another; yet the belief in the possibility of a perfect fit between human nature and the forms and conventions of its expression is an illusion. Add to this the inevitable disappointments, disillusionments, and failures of adjustment within the personal life of man, and one finds ground enough for the existence of the excess of which I am speaking.

The part and manner of absorption of this excess by dreaming at night, play, and art is different in each case. In dreaming at night only the archaisms of individual development and purely personal conflicts and repressions are taken care of. In art also these are expressed, but seldom these alone. One main defect of the Freudian theory of art is its contention that art, like the dream at night, expresses only definite archaisms and repressions, whereas in addition it expresses the general excess and superabundance of all desires. Perhaps this distinction is not entirely clear as I have stated it; I can make it clearer, I think, by observing that a wish may find insufficient fulfilment through the ordinary channels of personal and social life either because it is utterly balked there, or because the opportunities for expression provided are not large enough for it, despite a great many chances and objects. The artist, in fact, is not seldom one who finds means for self-expression in personal and social life much more generous than other men—Goethe is the inevitable example!—and yet for him poetry and art are necessities because his nature is so abundant that no amount of ordinary self-expression suffices. I might draw a parallel from out-of-door games. There are people who engage in them because, leading sedentary lives, their movement impulses and desire for fresh air and sunlight are utterly balked, and there are

others who, while active in their daily affairs, have so much physical vitality that no amount of ordinary exercise suffices. The theory that art is the expression of painful lives is incapable of explaining such ebullitions as a festive song, a triumphal arch, or the hundreds of pictures painted by men of large and happy lives and abounding health, like Titian and Renoir. It cannot explain the art of joy, a Monet landscape, or Whitman's "Sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." That a great deal of art can be understood as the offspring of pain was fully recognized by us in the first chapter, but there is almost as much, perhaps, that can better be understood as springing from a native superabundance of wishes which the artist plays with, plays upon, and plays out in artistic creation. As young people joyfully sing and dance through excess of 'animal spirits,' so does many an artist create, drawing off the excess of his wishes before they become painful through repression.* Appreciation of art may have a similar significance in the life of lovers of art, not always an escape from pain—as Schopenhauer thought—but often a prolongation of a joy too intense, or a prodigal spending of emotional riches.

One might think that any agency that provided an opportunity for the complete expression of human nature would be regarded as an unmitigated good. Yet chiefly because of this function of art to absorb the excess of desire, rather than any other, art has fallen under condemnation of the moralist. From the point of view of the moralist, every ounce of energy should be expended in the service of real life; hence some method should be devised for utilizing the reputed excess of

* Here once more I am following along the line of thought first traced by Schiller.

our wishes in the constructive business of living. Now art, it is claimed, does exactly the opposite. Instead of leading the streams of impulse back into the main current, where they may help to turn the wheels of usefulness, art diverts them further along channels so agreeable that there is no desire to return. One is reminded in this connection of the dictum of James that a symphony concert is demoralizing unless the emotion aroused there finds a practical outlet in some good deed. Not only, it is said, is a helpful deed better than the mere imaginative expression of pity in pitiful art, but the latter, by providing a means for expressing pity, diminishes the motive to helpfulness. Or, to use still another illustration, an imaginative and beautiful ritual, by providing in itself a means for the expression of religious emotion, may divert the mind from genuine faith and worship. In short, art competes with life, and thus is its potential foe.

From another point of view also art may seem to the moralist to be a danger. For art, particularly in what I have called its Dionysian form, provides an expression for the very impulses that morality is designed to restrain. Morality consists of an elaborate system of repressions of wishes that will not fit into the scheme of orderly and salutary living, a system exceedingly difficult to maintain, since impulse is ever waiting its opportunity to resist. Now art tends to destroy the morale of life by substituting expression for repression, in the very matters where repression is most necessary. The habit of discipline is destroyed. If the artist retorts that expression is in the imagination only, and is therefore harmless, the moralist has his clear reply that such expression is all the more harmful to discipline for that very reason, since it goes uncondemned and unpunished. By feed-

ing the mind with cruel or voluptuous images, decadent art clouds that purity of the heart out of which many of the sweetest gifts of a good life come. Thus, art and morality, the one as free expression, the other as a rigid discipline based on repression, are opposed.

The considerations just brought forward prove to my mind this much at least of the contention of the moralist, that there does exist a real opposition of purpose and spirit between art and morality. The utilization of the energies of man for disciplined and beneficent action is a different purpose from the absorption of the surplus of energy through the imagination; and wherever there is a difference of purpose there is the possibility of conflict. Yet this does not prove that the standpoint of morality is legislative, in an absolute way, over that of art. For if my contention is true that personal and social life are incapable of satisfying man's will—that no form of moralized life can be adequate to the excess of man's wishes —then art has a place, along with dream and play, which is just as necessary as morality. Life in the imagination is seen to be coördinate in value with the life of action, and art, the regulator of that life, of equal importance with morality, the regulator of action. And the conflicts that may arise between them must be settled, not by the suppression of one in favor of the other, but by the acceptance of the conflict as an inevitable part of experience, to be lived through and endured and tactfully dealt with. This situation is typical of all human experience, for experience is made up of different interests, which because different are conflicting; and since these conflicts are unavoidable, we should endure them instead of embarking on the hopeless task, ending in impoverishment, unhappiness, and stagnation, when temporarily successful,

of suppressing one interest in favor of another. And if art competes with life, let us not blame art, but seek rather to make life itself so fascinating that men will not resort to art as a refuge from life.

However, while insisting on the opposition of the standpoints of art and morality, I think this opposition is exaggerated. For in addition to whatever effectiveness for practical good satirical and idealistic art may have, there is a certain service which art renders to morality which is commonly overlooked by art's detractors. And this service is rendered by exactly that type of art, the Dionysian, which falls under most severe condemnation as interfering with the moral interest in the disciplinary repression of impulse. For by providing in the imagination a satisfaction for man's primitive impulses, Dionysian art helps to prevent them from seeking an outlet in action, and therefore assists the coordination of impulses demanded by morality. And if, owing to the excessive character of impulse, completely successful discipline by repression is impossible—for repression leads always to some internal rebellion and disturbance—it follows that expression through the imagination is necessary to the success of morality itself. Imagination is thus seen to be an indispensable element in the delicate balance of life. I should even go so far as to claim that, while admitting that decadent art springs from a decadent life, life would probably be more decadent without it. Moreover, the extent to which man can lead, without prejudice to salutary action, a double life through the imagination, is not fairly appraised by moralists. It is, of course, possible to exaggerate this in the interest of free imagination; for there is no absolute insulation of imagination from action; the bridge between the two

is never up; but in the adult mind, at least, there are gradually developed habits of action, fortified by knowledge as to how one really wishes to conduct one's life, that serve as barriers against effective interference from the side of imagination. And purity of mind is dearly bought at the cost of nervousness and ignorance of the whole nature of man. It is only when character has not yet been formed, in the child and the adolescent, that there is danger that imagination will corrupt action.

It is interesting to observe that on somewhat similar grounds play has sometimes fallen under the condemnation of rigorous moralists. Like art, play has been blamed for employing energies that might otherwise be directed into so-called useful paths. Even the contemporary praise of out-of-door games for their healthfulness and usefulness in teaching 'teamwork' and fair play is based on the principle of the supremacy of the values of real life, and implies no recognition of the intrinsic value of play. Other forms of play, like dancing and cards, are still held under suspicion either as demoralizing or as a waste of time. The answer to this indictment of play is the same as the answer to the similar indictment of art: there are forms of the will that cannot be absorbed in the business of life. The insatiable desire for victory and the excitement of its pursuit is not appeased by the daily, humdrum life of most men; hence their need for chess and cards or the cinema, through which this wish finds imaginative satisfaction. A reinterpretation of the Aristotelian notion of catharsis has application to both play and art: the provision of a play (imaginative) mode of satisfaction of otherwise insufficiently satisfied impulses clears the mind of their troublesome insistence, leaving it free for the

performance of duty. The mind so cleared is a cheerful, a well-integrated mind. Few people can achieve cheerfulness without play or art.

It is interesting, furthermore, that the danger in Dionysian art of the passage from imagination to action has its parallel in play in the ease, already noted, with which impulses, harmless in their play mode, may become serious and hurtful. Thus things said in jest are easily meant and taken seriously; the mock battle of football may become a real battle with slugging; the game may degenerate into gaming; betting at low stakes, which is still play because inconsequential, may give place to professional gambling; flirting may end in *liaisons dangereuses;* just as it is feared that preoccupation with the natural man in art may engender licentiousness in action. And that there is a genuine danger here I would not deny, even as I would not deny the corresponding danger in the case of art. Only once more I would assert that these risks must be run, and if they are not, worse evils are likely to be incurred. And who would not rather play, knowing well the danger, than not play at all?

The function of art just studied, of providing a means of satisfaction for the excess of our wishes, is the first of its services to which I would call attention. No less important is another service—its contribution to self-knowledge. For as Schopenhauer* and Hegel,† and in our own time Croce,‡ have insisted, art provides an opportunity, not only for the expression of life, but also for its intuition. We not only have our way, through the imagination, but come to know what

* A. Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea,* book III.
† G. W. F. Hegel, *Vorlesungen über die Ästhetik,* Introduction.
‡ B. Croce, *Estetica,* chap. I.

that way is. The manner of expression of wishes in art makes this self-knowledge possible. For, as we observed in our first chapter, there is an inescapable duality in æsthetic experience, a dissociation of emotion that is expressed and objectified, from the rest of the self, making it possible for the latter to look on and reflect. Moreover, the physical stimuli to the æsthetic experience of a work of art—the shaped marble of the statue, the pigments of the painting—are permanent, providing means for the repetition of the experience, and repetition gives opportunity for reflection. We can return again and again to the experience, to consider and digest it in thought. Furthermore, the self-expression through art is often indirect, occurring through the identification of one's self with an imagined, foreign existence; and this, too, by taking us away and out of ourselves, facilitates reflection. For example, in the Concert Champêtre (fig. 43), vague desires, primitive and Dionysian, for open spaces, for unrestrained ease and companionship—the perennial, idyllic dream of man—are expressed, desires which, by being plastically rendered in the form of imaginary persons and an imaginary landscape, we are much better able to become consciously aware of than if they remained in our minds disembodied. In this way, all art is reflective, thoughtful, not in the sense that it directly formulates a thought—which, of course, it may sometimes do—but in the sense that it provokes thought and that thought has entered into its substance. In the same way, all art tends to become symbolic, not by providing an explicit plastic expression of an abstract idea—allegory—as again it sometimes does (as in Rodin's Hand of God), but by acquiring a universal significance through the expression of a universal desire. The Concert Champêtre is symbolic in this

way; and all of Rembrandt's art is thoughtful, that is, thought provoking, without being what I once heard Robert Frost call 'thinky' art.

Artistic creation as well as appreciation is reflective for many of the same reasons. For in the deliberate process of giving shape to the experience seeking expression the artist has an opportunity to reflect upon it. In our first chapter we had occasion to consider this. If artistic expression were utterly spontaneous, like a cry or a laugh, this would not be true, but being a voluntary and sometimes exceedingly arduous affair, there is ample time for the reflective process to intervene, and when it does intervene it inevitably transforms the material of expression. Thus, I should say, art is never—or seldom—the simple expression of emotion, but rather an expression of emotion as transformed by thought. A portrait, for example, is inevitably an expression, not only of the inner life of the sitter, but also of the artist's conception of that life—how it seemed to him upon consideration of it. Thus Rembrandt's portraits, as every one feels certain, are expressions not so much of reflective persons as of one who had deeply reflected upon them.

There is no other instrument of self-knowledge comparable with art. The social sciences, anthropology, psychology, sociology, do not provide knowledge of the concrete self, but of abstractions. Their subject matter consists of classifications, statistical averages, typical states of mind, but no actual living individuality ever appears there. Or if it does appear, it appears in the form of art, as when anthropologists use the art of primitive peoples as a primary source. There is, I venture to say, more to be learned of the human mind in its living reality from the study of any branch of art than

from most of the books of the psychologists and sociologists. In this matter Croce is a valid guide, with his distinction between the two degrees of knowledge: the one degree through intuition, and the other through the concept or abstraction, the former being the necessary basis of the latter. Art is not intuition, as Croce claims, but it does provide us with intuitions; and these intuitions are the indispensable material for most of the sciences of human nature, and therefore cannot be supplanted by the latter.

This statement must, however, be accepted with a certain caution. For since art is not an imitation, a mere transcript of life, as it is lived on the plane of reality, but an expression of desire, it cannot be expected to give exact information about many aspects of life. Art is life transmuted by desire and reflection; it gives us therefore more insight into the dreams, aspirations, beliefs, and emotions of men than strict knowledge of their daily lives. Of course much of such knowledge is given incidentally. Dutch painting of the seventeenth century is a faithful picture of the houses, furniture, costumes, and doings of the Dutch people during that period. Yet all these matters appear there glorified. What we derive from Dutch painting is not so much a picture of how the people lived, as of how they wanted to live. Similarly, since a landscape painting is never a mere copy of any landscape, or sculpture a mere imitation of human bodies, we cannot get from the one precise knowledge of the environment of men or from the other precise knowledge of their bodies. But in landscape painting we do have a record of human ways of seeing, of human wishes regarding their surroundings, the way they wanted things to look; and from sculpture we learn their desires regarding the human form. Even so, the

drama and the novel are not records of life, but rather records of human ways of envisaging or imagining life. In art, life appears at a certain remove; it is not life itself, but man's reactions to it—his memories, beliefs, imaginings concerning it. Art is man's considered dream, and through it we become acquainted, not with all of man, but with what is perhaps the most interesting part of him, his own image of himself.

A third function of art that I wish to consider is its cultural function.

What is culture? Or, better stated, what is a cultivated mind? It is, as Matthew Arnold declared, a mind that lives in contact with what is best in its past and present. It is possible to be happy without culture, living only in the present and feeding on the pleasures of the moment; shut in with the limited outlook of one's coterie or town or nation. But such a life is without depth or breadth. It is culturally what a mind would be like that lacked all memory or knowledge of its fellow minds. It approximates to the animal type of mind, with its loneliness and absence of social contacts. Ideally the mind would live always with its present interwoven with its past, and in touch with the life around it, so that each moment of experience would contain not only its own value as perception or action, but a value that it borrowed through some echo of the past or some stir from surrounding life. Not that all echoes and contacts are valuable. Much of the past is best to forget, and much of the mind of others is as little valuable to know as much of one's own is unimportant to retain. But there is a select portion of each which to escape is to be poorer for it.

Now art is the best instrument of culture. For art is man's considered dream; experience remodeled into an image of

desire and prepared for communication. Through it we come into contact with what is most interesting in the most valuable minds of our contemporaries, their dreams. Art puts us into touch with the desires of other classes, races, nations. Through art we not only know what these desires are, but we are compelled to sympathize with them; for the dream is embodied in such a way as to make us dream it as if it were our own. The barrier between one dream and the dream of another is overcome. The understanding of other nations, which by any other path would be long and difficult, is immediate through art. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," but for every appreciator of oriental art, they have already met. Even as love creates an instant bond between diverse man and woman, so does art between alien cultures.

Equally valuable is the expansion of the mind backward in time through the instrumentality of art. As memory unites us with the past of our individual selves, so art unites us with our historical past. Art gives to the mind a vicarious, yet none the less real, extension of its time dimension. It alone enables us to know the values embodied in the life of earlier stages of our culture. How better shall we know the ideal values of the Greeks than through Plato and Æschylus, through Greek sculpture and architecture? And this knowledge is immediate, intuitive. When we look at the Greek Head from Chios in the Boston Museum (fig. 71), we are put into direct sympathetic contact with the Greek ideal of loveliness and poise, or when we study the Dionysus of the Naples Museum, we feel with instant longing a mastery of life in which the fear of joy had no part. Or let us look at the Triumph of Death in the Campo Santo in Pisa (fig. 8). What a different world we

are in! Yet for all that, we enter into its spirit forthwith, because it is our own.

This leads me to notice an interesting difference in the temporal quality of our feeling for the art of the past. On the one hand, such art comes to us as being definitely past, and hence as relatively foreign to us; and on the other hand, as eternally present, the expression of ourselves. And these contrasting temporal qualities exist in unequal degrees in different works of art. The Triumph of Death has for me more of the foreign, temporal character than the Dionysus, yet for others the relations might be reversed. The difference is due, of course, to the extent to which our present culture has lived past its own remoter periods; to the measure in which the dream of the past has ceased to be our own dream. Yet the past is never utterly past; for we carry some of its elements with us always, and art has the capacity to waken these into life. There are even works of art out of the past that seem to have no temporal character at all, which express eternal moods of the spirit. Some unimportant items may remind us that they have come from the past—costume, furniture, architectural setting—but the essential meaning is timeless.

Although I would place the expressive and the cultural values of art in the first rank of importance, I am far from denying to art a practical value. Our attention was called to this in our treatment of the art of pain. We saw there, particularly in the discussion of realistic art, that the intuition which art provides subserves a purpose which, while not practical in the narrow sense of helping us to solve our special problems, is practical in the sense of assisting us to attain to a more complete and satisfactory inner adjustment to life

Photograph by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Fig. 71. Head from Chios

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

as a whole. This motive—to effect an inner adjustment to life—is, we found reason to believe, the underlying practical motive behind realistic art. But, in a general way, it is furthered by all art. For our adjustment to life becomes complete and adequate in proportion to the extent to which it takes into account all phases of our experience. Now, as we have seen, art expands the circle of our acquaintance with life, and thus provides a broader basis for adjustment. Or the matter may be stated even more clearly perhaps as follows: the inner adjustment of which I have spoken involves the possession of a scale of values by means of which life may be appraised. In order to obtain this, not only must all the facts be taken into account, but the possible estimations of these facts must be envisaged. If we adopt a certain attitude toward life without knowledge of other possible attitudes, we can never be sure that our own is as good as it might be; points of view of which we are ignorant might enrich ours or supplant it. And in art we have precisely what we need to this end; for art is the record of man's reactions to the facts of his experience. The wider the range of our acquaintance with art, the more sensitive, delicate, and adequate therefore will be our scale of values, and the resulting inner adjustment. And without culture, of which art is the chief instrument, we run the risk of a philosophy of life narrow, crude, insufficient. How easily one could illustrate the contribution of art to an appropriate attitude to life through its treatment of the great themes of death and love!

For in all works of great art an attitude toward life is persuasively embodied, and one is never the same after acquaintance with them. One cannot take life in quite the same way that one did before; a certain influence has passed in-

evitably into one's moral substance. Whatever philosophy of life one may develop has to reckon—to cite a very few examples of what I mean—with the utter poise and serenity of "the Grecian thing"; the mocking sweetness of Leonardo; the majesty of Titian; the brooding thoughtfulness and faith of any one of Rembrandt's works; the hearty welcome to joy of Hals; the aristocratic bearing of Velazquez; the cynical, cutting mood of Goya.

Granting that art does modify the scale of values, the moral substance of the individual, it cannot help affecting conduct. I do not mean that it ever leads directly to any particular deed. This, I should suppose, must be a very rare occurrence. We read that Goethe's *Werther* induced men and women to commit suicide, and that *A Doll's House* led to the breaking up of families in Germany, but that was literature, not plastic art. And even in the case of literature, a work of art can affect conduct directly only when its message is in the line of an action already about to take place, strengthening it; such was Gorky's influence in bringing the Russian Revolution to pass. For, in general, human actions are determined, rigidly and directly, by the ambitions, instincts, and duties of the individual operating in concrete situations; conduct is rarely free enough to be influenced immediately by a work of art. Art's effect on conduct is rather by affecting all deeds, through its influence on the background of sentiment which surrounds and colors every action, than by producing any one deed. Every deed cannot fail to be different because of art; it must be less crude, more enlightened, richer in significance. And in momentous choices, when the balance of motives hangs even, it may well happen

that some lingering influence from the realm of art may determine action.*

The discussion of the influence of art upon conduct leads to a consideration of the relation of art to religion, the last of the forms of life in the imagination distinguished by us. I have already made some comparisons between religion and the motives underlying realistic art which are relevant, but I wish to approach the entire subject from a somewhat different point of view. First, it is necessary to show that religion, too, is a form of imagination. The theory that it is, is not new; it was the belief of practically all of the German romanticists of the early nineteenth century, and has been restated, in his inimitable way, by Santayana, in *Poetry and Religion*. Let me restate it once more for our own purposes. And I shall consider religion as a fact in the life of men and women of our own civilization rather than as a universal phenomenon.

Of religion we hear first in childhood, and then as a story like many another that is told to us. We "hear tell" of interesting persons, God and the angels, Christ and His Mother and the Apostles, and the scores of other men and women in the Old and New Testaments. These persons are the actors in marvelous events that would greatly astonish us were we not then too little experienced in nature's habits for astonishment. And since we are told these things with such an air of conviction, and so often, by persons whose veracity we have never yet had occasion to question, how could we

* The theory of the moral influence of art here offered obviously goes further than that of Schiller as expressed in his view that Beauty teaches man no single truth and serves no moral end, but gives him freedom to do what he will and ought, yet is, after all, much the same in spirit. See *Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung,* no. 21.

do otherwise than believe? But our belief is not different in kind from our belief in other tales we are told, like those of Mother Goose and her compeers. To the child mind that makes no clear distinction between reality and unreality, religion is a story like many another. Since the people and events related to us are never seen by us, any more than the things we hear of in a story, they all belong to a single strange world. To that same world belong the little people of play, only they are a bit more real in one way, since you can actually see them and touch them, and a bit more unreal in another way, since, because of their bodily presence, you can compare them with real people and mark their differences.

As we grow up, we come to distinguish the story of religion from other stories we have heard. And just as we believe in religion in the first place because we are told that it is true, so we come to distinguish it as true from other stories as fictitious, again because we are told so. Our parents and other people of authority tell us that it is true, so we believe. And when we raise doubts, they invent long and subtle arguments, but without the least bit of evidence, to convince us. Neither they nor we have ever perceived with eyes or ears or touch the things of which they tell us, nor have we the remotest historical or scientific ground for belief. Religion remains a world of pure imagination, surrounding the real world, to which however we give the same credence that we give to the things of the real world. In the fact that we continue to believe—that our attitude becomes belief, not make-believe—religion is distinguished from all other forms of imagination. For the men of faith religion is something more —and less—than poetry or fiction. Religion is a tale told

anew by their parents to each generation of children, and one in which they continue to believe when they grow up.

For all the prestige that is given it by authority, it is doubtful whether the story which is religion would retain the belief of adults if it did not answer to some profound need. Like other forms of imagination, religion must be understood in terms of a wish; but this is doubly necessary because religion is both imagination and belief. For this reason, wishes satisfied by religion in its character as imagination, wishes essentially of the same sort as those satisfied by other forms of imagination, must be distinguished from some one wish peculiar to religion as a form of belief. The former type of wishes are expressed in the religious imagination in abundance. Taken just as a story, there is nothing more appealing to the whole gamut of human emotion, except perhaps the comic, than the Christian legend. It is, to be sure, difficult for us who were brought up to believe to take it as a story; yet no one can doubt that, apart from faith, religion would be qualified to exist as a form of art. In that status it does exist for all who have ceased to believe.

The wishes expressed in the belief side of religion are two. One of them came to our attention in the discussion of Art and Pain. It is the wish for reconciliation with life, for an ultimate harmony between man and his world. Religion achieves this by faith that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the environment is on the side of man. Born in the credulity of childhood, religion interprets the universe in terms of the family relationships, the environment after the image of the father, man in the image of the child, comforted, punished, cared for in his home. As the home is the never-failing refuge of man, where he is understood, chastened

yet pampered, so is the universe for the Christian faith. Thus the fear of the human being of losing his home, or, to put it the other way round, the wish of the adult, never extinguished through all his life, for the security of the home, is satisfied in religion. That is the deepest motive of faith: to prolong through life the trustfulness of childhood. The other motive to belief is to provide an added incentive for the observance of the norms of the group through the fear of supernatural punishment or the love for divine exemplars. Aware of the difficulty of living in accordance with the demands of his own social nature, man himself has created religion for self-discipline. In this second function, religion becomes the upholder of law and order, the conserver of the traditional *mores*. Religion is at once man's consoler and the guardian of his conduct.

With reference to both these motives, art has been of assistance and has supplied something analogous in its own right. Inestimable has been its service in giving vividness, through plastic representation, to the objects of faith. For the common people at least it has always been easier to accept the reality of ideal objects when they are pictured to the eye in sensuous shape. The Mohammedan and Jewish faiths prove, of course, that religion may exist without this, but the commands against image-making have been contrary to popular demand. Christ and Mary are not only nearer but more real when the ikon or altarpiece shows us their faces.

In making the imaginary, ideal objects of religious faith more real, art has helped to make them more effective. The fortitude, mercy, and avenging justice of the Savior are more easily taken to heart when, as in the paintings of Titian (fig.

Photograph by Alinari

Fig. 72. The Tribute Money, by Titian

Picture Gallery, Dresden

72), we can see with our eyes His face when He suffers, forgives, and threatens. Inevitably, unobtrusively, our own latent sources of courage, pity, and fear are aroused. Even as mere works of art they would have this effect. The influence of religion has been, in large measure, the same as the influence of ideal art—its hold upon the imagination. To secure the imitation of Christ in action—the aim of religious moral teaching—the story of the Christ must first express, as a pure work of art would do, man's need for mercy and for courage. But the influence of religion has been vastly greater because of the combination of belief with imagination.

Finally, art accomplishes something of the same purpose as religion in creating a harmony between man and his environment. It does so in two ways. First, in idyllic and romantic art it offers an experience in which our wishes are fulfilled. It is true, of course, that this fulfilment is only in the imagination, yet, for a moment, at any rate, it is as if the world gave us our way. And because art brings the imagination into the sense world, submitting the shows of *things* to the desires of the mind, the experience of fulfilment is profoundly vivid. So vivid is the experience that, as we have seen, artists have been led to generalize it, transferring to the whole universe what they have felt in the exceptional experience of beauty. While this inference is without logical force, being in fact an example of pure faith and religion, nevertheless, because of the dream of beauty, life cannot seem so evil when we waken from the dream. Something of its magic remains to color all experience. Having faith, we may take beauty as corroborative evidence; and without faith, we may find in beauty the same sort of harmony in the parts of our experience that faith claims to exist in the whole.

Beauty actually realizes, in brief moments, the harmony that faith can only postulate for eternity.

Even realistic art, which represents our wishes as denied, creates, as I tried to show in the chapter on Art and Pain, a harmony between man and his world. This harmony is more complex than the harmony created either by idyllic art or religion, and always contains an only partially submerged element of dissonance. Yet the defiance or the resignation or the laughter, which are the moods of realistic and pessimistic art, are no less genuine experiences of harmony than the peace of religion. For through them man remains master of himself, and, if not at home in, is yet no longer in conflict with, his world. The "peace which passeth all understanding" is not his, yet his is a mind that has 'looked on death' undismayed. And because realistic art has taken all the facts of life into account, and accepted the denial of human wishes, its mood is better fitted to enlighten all experience than the hazardous mood of faith, which may be built on illusion, or the ecstatic mood of the idyl, from which we cannot fail to awaken.

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